

The Small Door With a Strange Key

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Summary: Hiccup has always had a tough time fitting in, even after becoming the hero of the tribe. So when he finds a mysterious door in the Great Hall, leading to a world where is 'Other Father' is able to love and listen to him, unlike his real father. Which world will he choose? Is this other world really all it is cracked up to be though? (First story ever, please go easy on me.)

1. Chapter 1

_Alright guys, this is the How to Train Your Dragon version of Coraline! I hope you all like it. I beg you though. Go easy on me. This is my first story ever. So if it is rushed or there are a lot of spelling mistakes, please forgive me. _

_However, if you have any suggestions to make this story better, please don't be afraid to share! _

An eerie humming echoed in the darkness. Some dark presence hide in its shadows, waiting patiently for it's next challenge.

Through the window of a single window, a doll appeared, floating into the room as if invisible strings were attached to it, pulling it in.

From out of sight, two metallic hands reached up to meet the doll, taking it into it grips.

The small doll, previously belonging to a little girl, was brought to rest on a wooden table, surrounded by various tools.

This doll had looked a lot like it's previous owner. Practically a clone of her.

The hand quickly got to work, using a par of scissors to start with the cloths of the doll. Cutting of the cloths that were no longer of

use. Moving on to the hair, it started with the doll's long brown locks that trailed down in pigtails. Grabbing one of the clumps of hair, the pair of hands easily pulled off the string, making the doll bald.

The hands then moved to the two black buttons that the doll had for eyes. Using its nails it broke the strings attaching the buttons, ripping them off with ease.

Using a small blade to rip open the string along the mouth, it pulled out the stuffing within. When the doll was empty, it stuck its claws inside, turning the doll inside out to match its new projects skin more. Picking up a bucket, they began to pour sand into the empty doll, filling it till it was full all the way to the mouth. Satisfied with how stuffed it was, they placed the doll back on the table.

Picking up a needle to their left, they lifted a small string, carefully sticking it through the needle's small hole and letting the needle fall down. Moving back to the doll, it slowly began to sew its mouth shut, making it look as if the doll was smiling.

Quickly, almost impatiently, the drawer connected to the working space was swung open, revealing several rows of matching buttons. Running their spiked fingers across the drawer, they finally came to choose a pair of dark black buttons. Placing them in their designated spots, they began to sew them in.

The metallic hand lifted itself into the air, the needle firmly held in their grip. With a small turn they swiftly brought it down.

The doll's hair was next. With the small holes in place, they used small tweezers to place in the dark auburn locks. The strands of string were short, showing that the doll was in fact a boy with short hair that was brushed to the right of his face.

When the hair was set in place and was sure to stick, the cloths were the next things to make.

The owner of the hands, though their face was unseen, began to hum "Da da da da da da da da la da dada da daaa." They hummed eerily cutting out several different colored pieces of green and brown fabric. Using pins to keep them in place, they moved to their sewing machine, which had not been used in years.

"Daaaâ€¦. Daaa." They hummed quietly to themselves as they formed some dark green pants and a long light green tunic for the doll. Putting them on, they moved on to the brown belt that would go around its waist and fur like vest that would rest neatly on its shoulders. Then it's shoes, a simple colored brown yet fuzzy around the ankle, were added.

With its project done, it lifted the doll up, turning towards the window. Loosening its grips, the doll floated towards the window, disappearing into its dark space.

As the doll left, the window creaked shut; leaving its creator alone to wait patiently.

The island of Berk was bustling about, eagerly anticipating the latest event that was to come.

It only about 3 days, a great party would be held in honor of their year of peace with dragons.

Sadly, with the rain that poured down from the heavens above, most of the planning was held off. Many weren't even sure if they would be able to do any outside activities such as fly when the day arrived.

That didn't seem to bring down the Viking's spirit too much though and they excitedly continued their work. Baking large feasts and planning out fun activities for all the children to do.

Hiccup of all people, was the most excited. A chance to spend some time with the dragons and friends, it was sure to be a day to remember.

So as he woke up bright and early that day, he was surprised to see that his dad had already left. Though, perhaps he shouldn't be. With his Dad being the tribe leader, of course he would have to be awake to give orders for the upcoming event.

Grabbing his helmet, Hiccup left the house with Toothless by his side. With the rain constantly pouring down on them, they quickly made their way through Berk.

Toothless didn't seem to mind besides the fact that he couldn't go flying.

It had become a new rule of Berk that the dragons could not go flying during the rain. Much to some of the other Viking's protest, his father had made it clear that it was dangerous to be out in such weather and who knows what could happen.

So as Hiccup began to make his way to the great hall, where he was sure his father would be, he forced to stop when his friends stepped in front of him.

All the young Viking teen grinned at him, excluding Astrid, who seemed to not be present at the moment.

"Hiccup catch!" Snout Lout laughed, tossing him a stick. Catching the simple piece of wood, he eyed it suspiciously.

"What?"

"Doesn't it lookâ€¦ odd?" the Viking teens chuckled. Frowning, he examined it closer.

"Not really. Looks like any other stickâ€¦" he trailed off narrowing his eyes. Toothless, currently circling Hiccup's legs, glared at the stick, knowing very well what it really was.

Tuffnut and Ruffnut cackled waiting quietly for the young heir to the island to realize just what type of stick it was.

"Hey Hiccup." Astrid interrupted them by running into the group,

clutching something in her grip, "You've got to see this." She held it up to him impatiently.

Forcing him to take it she gave him a smirk. Holding the stick in one hand, and the package in the other, he glanced up at her.

"What's this?" Hiccup looked at his packaged with a confused frown. It wasn't often that Astrid gave him things, so what could it possibly be?

"I found it in my grandmother's attic. Doesn't it look familiar?" Astrid smiled motioning to the bag.

Her grandmother?

Raising his eyebrow at her, Hiccup opened the paper, revealing a doll that had striking resemblance to him. Even right down to his cloths.

Blinking at it furiously, he looked up at her, puzzled. "A miniâ€|me?" How creepy was that? Astrid's grandmother had a mini doll version of him?

Astrid shrugged. "Weird, right?"

"More like creepy." Tuffnut corrected, looking over Hiccup's shoulder.

"Yeah, how old is that thing anyway?" Ruffnut scowled.
>Astrid rubbed her chin. "I don't know. My grandmother said she's had it since she could remember. So really old I guess."<p>

Snout lout stepped forward, taking the doll into his hand, "Doesn't any one else find it sort of creepy how much it looks like him? I mean, it even has his prosthetic leg!" he shook it a bit, showing it off.

Snatching it back, Hiccup shrugged. "Well yeah it is a littleâ€|disturbing." He nodded meekly. Below him, Toothless lifted his head to sniff the mini Hiccup, looking very confused to why his best friend suddenly made a small version of himself.

"Maybe I should talk to grandmother more about it." Astrid noted to herself.

Hiccup nodded, absentmindedly saying, "Sounds good."

Nodding, Astrid looked towards his hand. "Hiccup." Her eyes widened. "Let go of that. Don't you know it is poison oak?"

"Ahh!" Hiccup gasped in shock, throwing it to the side.

The other Viking burst into laughter.

"Classic!" Ruffnut cackled.

"Haha, very funny." Hiccup grumbled, rubbing his hand against his pant leg.

Astrid rolled her eyes. How the young Viking couldn't tell the

difference between poison Oak and normal wood was beyond her.

As the group made their way into the great hall, hoping to escape the rain, Hiccup instantly spotted Gobber.

Rushing about, Gobber was carrying several boxes of supplies from one side of the room to the other, which he would then trade of to the other Vikings, who would be delivering it to who ever needed it.

>"Gobber!" he called, wanting to show him his creepy mini self. "I can't talk Hiccup. Got work to do." Gobber brushed off the young Viking's approach with his hooked hand. Sighing, Hiccup folded his arms, the doll tucked away on his elbow.<p>

Hiccup sighed. Days in Berk seemed so boring when it rained. Toothless seemed to agree as he practically pouted next to him, staring towards the Great Hall doors longingly.

"Don't worry Toothless, it will clear up soon." Hiccup assured him, patting his head. Giving his dragon little comfort, Hiccup's attention moved to the Vikings around him.

None of them seemed to mind him or his friends much. Lately, everyone just seemed so busy or caught up with their own dragons that they completely ignored the young Vikings.

Even his dad, though this really wasn't anything new, hadn't spoken to him in days except from the quick greetings in the mornings and nights.

"Uhg!" Ruffnut exhaled, collapsing onto a chair. "Why does this week have to be so boring?"

"Yeah. I wanna beat some faces in." Tuffnut agreed with a scowl.

Fishlegs quickly stammered, "Maybe we could walk around the Great Hall for a bit? I meanâ€¦ it will give us something to do."

Hiccup shrugged. "I need to stretch my legs I guess." He nodded.

"You mean, 'Leg?" Snout Lout corrected, getting a few snickers.

>"Har har, very funny." Hiccup sighed sarcastically. Tucking the mini him under his arm, Toothless and him made their way through the Great Hall. Nothing new really, but he was able to distract himself by talking to Fish legs and Astrid at least.<p>

After a while, Hiccup had finally found his dad.

Placing the doll on the table next to him, he wen to approach his father. Heavens know what his dad might say if he were to come near him with a doll, no matter how much it looked like him.

As he approached his dad, he absentmindedly scratched at the rash that had begun to appear on his hand from the poison oak. Hissing a bit, he lowered his hand.

"Dad." Hiccup stepped forward, hoping to get his attention. He was

hoping his dad might want to go flying with him when the rain cleared up.

Ever since his dad had gotten his own dragon, the Thunder Drum, or as he called it, Thornado, Hiccup had hoped that his father and him could try to take this chance to get to know one another. If anything else, try to spend some time together.

Besides, it could help his father learn how to fly his dragon more.

He knew from experience on helping his friends learn to fly their dragons that riding with others actually calms the dragon down a bit, making it easier to control and befriend.

"Not now Hiccup." Stoick held up his hand, his focus never leaving the Viking in front of him. "Just leave us. Go hang out with your friends or whatever it is you usually do. Or better yet, go train."

The young Vikings watched as his father had yet again ignored their friend. All of them knew very well how Hiccup had been trying to spend more time with his father since the whole "King Dragon" incident where Hiccup had almost died.

They knew very well how Hiccup no longer wished to be so distant from his dad, especially now since Dragon's no longer attacked them.

Hiccup had been trying for the past 2 weeks to get his dad's attention, but it seemed he would need more than words if he was going to get through to him.

Hiccup's smile faltered. "â€|Sure thing." He grumbled, turning away to grab his mini Hiccup doll. Reaching for it, he was surprised to grab nothing but air.

The doll was gone?

>He could have sworn he had left it right here on the table. Looking around, he glanced under the table and towards his dragon. "You take it?" he asked.<p>

Toothless, tilted his head, not sure where the doll could have gone.

"Little Hiccup, where are you hiding?" Fish legs cupped his hands around his mouth, calling out.

"It is a doll stupid. It can't actually call back." Ruffnut smirked.

"Wellâ€| it also couldn't walk away on its own." Fishlegs pointed out with a stammer. "Maybe it got hungry?"

"Not likely." Astrid sighed.

>"Oh." Snout Lout pointed forward. "There it is, behind that shield wrack." Looking up, Hiccup's eye burrowed at the sight of his mini self, lying on the floor, its upper half barely sticking out from behind the wrack.<p>

"How did it get there?" Astrid questioned.

"Probably one of the dragons thought it was a chew toy on took it. Got disgusted that it looked like Hiccup, then sent it flying." Tuffnut snickered, stalking towards the doll, lifting his hands high in the air, as if he was a dragon himself and was trying to eat the mini Hiccup.

Hiccup gave his shoulder a hard hit, kneeling down to pick up his mini self. As the doll came into his grasp, he blinked at his new found angle at the shield shack. Something barely peeked out from behind them, spiking his interest.

"There's something behind here." He announced, touching the wall.

The other teens moved closer, trying to see what Hiccup meant.

"Hey yeah." Astrid mumbled, tilting her head.

Moving the wrack to the side, a small door was revealed. It was barely to Hiccup's knees and had been hidden so well from behind the shields.

"What's this?" Hiccup tilted his head, staring at a new found small door. Brushing his hand against it, he found that by the dust on it, no one had even tried to open this door in years. Placing his "mini Hiccup" doll on the ground next to him, he ran his fingers along the edges.

"A secret door!" Fish legs gasped gleefully.
>"What really?" Tuffnut shoved Ruffnut out of the way to see.

"What is it for?" Astrid knelt next to Hiccup, eyeing the mysterious new door suspiciously.

'Hey Dad!' Hiccup called over his shoulder, staring at the door curiously. Perhaps his dad would know where this went?

Sighing, Stoick paused from his conversation with Gobber to glance at his son.

"I'm really busy!" he called.

"I think it is locked." Snout Lout pointed out.

"PLEASE!" the young Vikings cried in unison. Gobber flinched at the annoying high pitch sound they made. Looking back at Stoick, he motioned towards the teen Vikings with a small smirk.

Letting out a soft sigh, Stoick pinched the bridge of his nose. Saying a few last little comments on the subject with Gobber, Stoick approached Hiccup. "What is it Hiccup? I'm very busy."

"But dad." Hiccup pointed to the door. "What is this?"

Stoick looked at the door with little curiosity. Kneeling down, he put his hand to it. Now that he thought about it, he had never seen a door this small in the great hall before. It being so small though,

he wasn't surprised that it had been hidden away from everyone for so long.

>"It is just an old door." He said<p>

"What does it lead too?" Hiccup tried to use his small nails to pry open the seemingly sealed shut door. Stoick let out a sigh of exasperation.

He really didn't have time for his son's over active imagination today. "It doesn't matter Hiccup. There is work to be done."

"Dad please?" Hiccup looked up at him. "I mean there has got to be a key. Look, a key hole." He pointed to it, looking excited. Some thing new in Berk that even his father wasn't sure about. This was something he had to see.

Next to him Toothless smelled the door, tilting his head at the strange smell. With a sudden growl, he stepped away, sneezing.

Not really noticing his dragon's reaction Hiccup continued to try and pry the door open. With his little to no strength, it wasn't really doing much.

Stoick rubbed his temple. "If I do this, will you leave me in peace today?" he glared at his son.

Hiccup nodded vigorously. The rest of the Viking teens look up at him pleadingly, their eyes wide and their bottom lips quivering ever so slightly.

Stoick raised his eyebrow at them, before he motioned for two other Vikings to approach. Giving them their orders, they rushed off to look through some of the old boxes holding all sorts of keys and other small things that they had just randomly pulled out when trying to find supplies for the party.

Brining the box to him, Stoick rummaged through it with a bored expression. Pin pointing to one in particular key, he lifted it up to examine it.

It was black with something that looked like a button on the end.

"This is probably it." Stoick mumbled, placing the key in the lock. With a good turn, it 'clicked' making Hiccup's excitement grow.

The teen Viking's smiles fell as the door opened, revealing nothing by wood and bricks on the other side.

>"Tâ€|That's it?" Snout Loud frowned, placing a hand on his hip.
"Well, that was a kill joy." Tuffnut muttered to himself.

Hiccup's shoulder slouched, clearly disappointed. "That can't be it." He muttered.

"They must have closed it off to when the room on the other side was taken down many years ago. Leave it at that Hiccup." Stoick said sternly, tossing him the key for him to do with it, as he will. What was the point of keeping the thing if it only locked a door that went nowhere?

Looking down at the key Hiccup frowned. "Why is the door so small though?"

"We had a deal." Stoick pointed a finger to him accusingly. Storming back to Gobber, Ruffnut and Tuffnut called out to him.

"You didn't lock it!"

Stoick glared at them, continuing his march away.

"Well." Snout Lout folded his arms, "This was a waste of time."

"Yeah who even puts a stupid door like that here?" Ruff Nut grumbled.

>Hiccup looked up at his friends with a frown.<p>

"Well I'm going. This is too boring for someone as awesome as me to bare." Snout Lout turned away, raising his hand has a good bye.

"Yeah, See ya!" Tuffnut and Ruffnut cackled, running of to cause more trouble for some other poor souls.

Hiccup sighed. Looking back at the door, he closed it without another word.

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Later that night, when Hiccup had returned from the great hall, Stoick had beaten him there. There was no dinner on the table, there hadn't been for years. So it was a good thing Hiccup had eaten back at the Great Hall.

"Hey Dad." He said as he stepped in, shacking his rain-covered head.

"Hiccup." Stoick glanced at him, giving him a small nod before turning back to the list in his hand. As Hiccup stared at him, Toothless pushed past, making his way upstairs to settle down for the night.

When the dragon left, Hiccup decided to try one last time to talk to his father.

"Hey dad, maybe you and me couldâ€| I dunnoâ€|"

Stoick sighed. Hiccup I'm really busy." Stoick said with a frown. "Maybe after the dragon celebration okay?' Stoick waved off his son, staring back down at the checklist.

"Ohâ€| okay.' Hiccup bit his bottom lip.

"Off to bed with you." Stoick motioned absentmindedly to the stairs.

"But dad-"

>"I don't want to hear it Hiccup." He poked at the fire, not looking his son in the eye. Letting out a sigh, Hiccup stormed back up the

stairs to his room, where Toothless had already settled down for the night.<p>

"Hey bud." Hiccup gave his neck a small scratch on the neck as he passed. Purring at the contact, Toothless rolled over onto his stomach. Smiling, Hiccup jumped onto his bed, placing the mini Hiccup doll on the nightstand next to him. "Good Night Toothless." He called. He paused to look at his doll that Astrid had yet to taken back with her yet. "Good nightâ€mini me." He yawned before his eyes fluttered shut and he fell into darkness.

Chapter one, done! How did you all like it? Was it okay? I feel so nervous about this. First story ever on FanFiction! Kah! So nervous. Do you guys think I rushed this chapter at all? Anyway, please review!

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2! YAY! Excitement XD

Well, this dream was odd. Well, more odd then Hiccup usually was at least.

See, he would usually be dreaming of flying high into the skies with his best bud Toothless. Soaring through the clouds and racing his friends over Berk.

However this dream didn't involved to flying. Didn't even involve dragons at all actually. He dreamed that he was at the Great Hall, by that little door he had discovered earlier today.

No one was in the Great Hall, so no one noticed when the door magically swung open by itself.

On the other side, from the wood that sealed it up, paper mice emerged.

There were at least four mice, all connected by paper strings. They circled each other as they danced around the door, as if whispering him to join them.

What an odd dream that was.

Or was it?

**Squeak. Squeak. **

Forced out of his dream he lifted his head from his pillow, staring around his room, blinking furiously.

He heard it again. Moving to the edge of his bed, he looked under it, surprised to see a small mouse running at him. Shooting his head back up, he watched it jump out from under his bed, and to his door, where it easily climbed under it, to the stairs.

Throwing his legs over the side, he looked at Toothless, who snored softly, the mouse going un-noticed. Lifting himself up, Hiccup grabbed his fur-covered vest, placing it over his shoulders for warmth against the cold.

Feeling compelled to follow, Hiccup carefully opened his door, peeking out.

The mouse stood at the top of the stairs, as if waiting for him to follow.

When Hiccup stepped out, the mouse bolted down the stairs.

Looking back into his room, he saw the Toothless had yet to notice anything. With one last glance into his room, he focused on the 'mini Hiccup' as if it was staring at him, urging him to follow the small mouse. Quick to follow, he silently crept down the stairs, glancing around to see if his Dad was still awake.

Glad to see he had retired for the night, Hiccup followed the mouse out the front door.

Granted, he never really enjoyed just running out into the rain, but what else could he do?

It wasn't often that you found mice in Berk. The dragons usually took care of them. Along will almost all the fish they had if they could get their paws on it.

Yet, if his friends or Father ever saw him chasing a mouse, he knew he was bound to get odd stares. Not that he wasn't use to that. But chasing mice, that was definitely weird, even in his case.

The mouse ran through Berk, pausing every once and a while to glance back at him, making sure he was able to keep up. Hiccup ran after it, breathing heavily.

Berk had gone dark. Everyone had gone to bed; accept for one of two who wandered, making sure that nothing was going wrong in the middle of the night.

This left Berk in silence. Even the smallest Hiccup took seemed to echo over the fellow Viking homes. Luckily the rain seemed to help him when it came to him wanting to be silent. He couldn't worry about that now though, and focused on keep track on the mouse.

What would his dad say to him about this? Chasing mice through Berk?

Well, whether his dad would agree or not, this mice wasn't ordinary.

As he followed it into the Great Hall, he was surprised to see that no one was in there at this hour. Usually some one would be in here, doing work or drinking themselves to unconsciousness.

Yet there was no one? The only thing that allowed him to see at this time were the dim lights that covered the walls.

Looking around, he frowned when he lost sight of the mice.

Creeping in to the hall, he stared around. It was so creepy here when no one was around. Following the wall, he glanced up to see the familiar tribe leader photos.

All the tribe leaders and their sons lined the walls, all either frowning or glaring back at him. What is so wrong with a tribe leader smiling together with his son?

He sighed, knowing how hard it took some times to get his own Father to smile at him. It was emotionally exhausting at times.

Shaking his head, he rubbed his tired eyes, which had begun to blur from lack of sleep. He had to find that mouse though.

He felt like it was important. Yet though, at the same time, his brain said to run straight home and go back to bed and forget everything he saw.

He might just have to do that, since he couldn't find where the mouse was.

That was till a small squeak came towards the back of the Great Hall. Running forward, he smiled at the sight of the small mice, who seemed to be trying to make its escape towards the small door he had found earlier.

Picking up his pace, he followed it all the way to the door, where it snuck in through a crack.

Falling to his knees, he swung the door open, expecting to see the mouse there, waiting for him and trapped from the wood behind it.

As the door moved open though, a blue light shined on his face, revealing a long small path.

The mouse ran down the path, to another door that suddenly appeared at the end of the path, where it snuck into through another crack.

Hiccup couldn't help but gasp. What was this? How come when his Dad had opened this before this didn't appear?

Well, it was here now.

A small breeze from the tunnel brushed against his face, making him squint.

Looking over his shoulder, Hiccup saw that no one was there to watch him, and slowly looked back. The thought of adventure tugged at his heart and he placed his hand inside, feeling the ground. It was like fabric.

What was he doing? This was insane! Who knew what was on the other side of this tunnel. But then again, he would never know until he ventured over there himself.

Getting on his hand and knees he began to crawl inside. His breath caught in his throat as he crawled to the other side of the tunnel, his heart beat increasing to a rapid pace.

As he reached the end, he reached his hand out to open the door. Peeking in, he frowned. "Huh?" he muttered, crawling out.

He was back in the great hall?

Lifting himself off of the ground, he looked around confused. How could he leave a place, yet end up right back at it?

Looking around, his frowned deepened. "Okayâ€|" he mumbled softly. When had the fires been turned on?!

The Great Hall was a blazed with light and song. Where this music was coming from, he wasn't quiet sure.

Tilting his head, he managed to get back to the entrance. He had searched the entire Great Hall, yet no one was here. So then, who started the fires, and where was this blasted music coming from!?

He rubbed his temple in frustration. He needed to go to bed.

Placing his hand on the wall for support, Hiccup started towards the door. Glancing up, he froze.

He looked up at the pictures of the pervious Tribe leaders and their sons in horrified shock. Instead of rugged frowning Vikings that he had seen so many times before, he was surprised to see that they were smiling.

As if smiling at him. The portraits of sons and fathers, their hands over each other's shoulder, grinning.

Hiccup tilted his head. Okayâ€|" this was getting kinda creepy.

Rushing out, he stumbled down the path to home.

Had everyone decided to wake up in the short time he was in the Great Hall? Looking around wildly he couldn't help but gawk at the sight of light coming from everyone's windows, showing that the residents inside were awake.

Though he had yet to see another Viking, that didn't stop him from panicking a bit. Had something happened while he was gone? Surely there would have been more screaming and such if that were the case, but still.

Hey wait a minute-

He looked up towards the sky. The rain had stopped?! There wasn't even a single cloud in the sky, only clear star covered skies.

The ground was dry, as if it hadn't rained in weeks too. Tapping his foot a bit, Hiccup rubbed his head, confused.

Something was definitely wrong here.

Maybe his Dad would know what was going on.

As he approached his front door, the sound of deep humming filled his ears. It wasn't an unpleasant sound. Just one he hadn't heard in a VERY long time.

Slowly opening the door, he popped his head in, focusing in on the

fire going.

His Dad was awake, and leaning over the fire, turning some meat that was cooking over it.

"Dad?" Hiccup gawked. His dadâ€¦ was cooking? Granted, his father had tried to cook many times before, but each of them ending in burnt failures. "Dad. What are you doing in the middle of the nightâ€¦" His words caught in his throat when his dad turned around.

This wasn't his father.

No it was. It looked just like him, all the way down to his orange beard. But his eyes, they were the only clue pointing to the sign that this man, was not his dad.

This 'fake father' had buttons for eyes. Four holed black buttons.

"Hiccup, you're just in time for dinner." His _dad _smiled.

Slowly stepping forward, Hiccup's shoulder tensed. "_You're _not my dad." He pointed out softly. "My dad doesn't have b-b-b-" he stammered softly, his voice cracking at the very thought. He pointed to his own eyes

"B-Buttons?" the fake Stoick chuckled. "I'm your other father." He announced, folding his arms.

>"Other Father? I didn't know I had aâ€¦ other father." Hiccup gulped nervously.<p>

"Of course you do." He said it as if Hiccup should already know this. "Now go get other Toothless."

Hiccup frowned, looking towards the stairs. 'Other' Toothless?

>"Well, go on." With that, his other father turned back to the food.<p>

He stood there for a few moments, trying to take in just exactly what was happened. Gulping down his fears, he approached the stairs.

Slowly making his way up the steps, his gaze never left his 'other Fathers' back. Hiccup opened the door. Inside, Toothless was laying on his small bed, snoring softly.

"Uhâ€¦ Toothless? Bud?" he called. He almost screamed when Toothless looked up, instantly narrowing in on his best friend's buttoned eyes. This wasn't Toothless either!

>What in the world was going on? Jumping a bit when Other Toothless jumped off his bed, he gawked at him speechlessly. The other Toothless approached him, rubbing against his leg as he passed.<p>

"O-Okay uhâ€¦ right I umâ€¦" Hiccup was about to follow the Other Toothless down the stairs when he looked at his room. His eyes widened even further than they already had.

He tools were actually walking around the room. Some were even waving at him, calling him over to 'play'?

"It is Hiccup!" his tools cheered from their useable mouths. His bed, normally made of simple wood, was aligned with soft furs, instantly tempting Hiccup to lay down at rest.

Sleep, he really needed sleep with everything that was going on.

"Hiccup!" His 'other Father' called from below. "Come get your grub!"

Hiccup frowned, realizing just now he had been smiling. Well, who wouldn't be smiling at this? His tools, though as odd as it might be, were talking to him! Though it might be because he was going insane, he didn't care. His bed actually looked comfortable for once, and his desk was filled to the brim with fine metals, paper and ink.

"Coming." He said softly, almost unable to tear his eyes away. Exiting his room, he made his way down the steps. When he reached the bottom, he was surprised to find Gobber sitting at the table, waiting for him along with the Other Toothless and his "Other Father".

"Gobber." Hiccup blinked. "W-What are you uh..." he trailed off as Gobber turned around, revealing his matching buttoned eyes.

What was with these people and their eyes being buttons?

"Hiccup. There you are. Come on, time for food!"

Staring at them, he glanced towards the door. He would be ashamed to say he actually felt like running away from these...people.

Gulping down his worries, he made his way to the table, sitting on the opposite side of Gobber.

Handing Hiccup a plate, Stoick smiled as he placed some chicken on it.

The young Viking eyed it suspiciously. It looked delicious, and smelled just as much so. However, appearances can be deceiving.

Taking a small bit, Hiccup's eyes widened. "This is good!" he gasped, taking another bit.

"Hungry? Good, cause I think I made too much for us all to eat." His other father sighed, slamming the rest down in front of him.

"I'm sure the Other Toothless could help you with that uh... other dad." He gave him a small smile.

"Oh that's right." The 'Other Stoick' nodded, tossing some food to the other toothless, who greedily scarfed it down.

"Don't forget that I am here to." The Other Gobber Chuckled, using his fake hand, which he currently had a fork on, to grab some more chicken.

Chuckling a bit, Hiccup whipped his mouth. This wasâ€¦ weird. His dad cooking, and actually trying to start a conversation with him.

As Hiccup began to drink his water, his other father placed a cake in front of him. Chocolate Gru, the cake his mother would always make for him when he was young.

He hadn't had it since she passed away though.

To his surprise, frosted letters began to appear along the cake, spelling out the words:

__**WELCOME HOME**__

"â€¦Home?' he whispered softly, looking up. Sure this looked exactly like his home, but it couldn't be the actual thing.

The other Stoick grinned. "We've been waiting for you, Hiccup." He patted Toothless' head. He purred in agreement.

The was a little creepy? What did the mean by that? How long had they been waiting for him?

"Me?" Hiccup blinked incredulously.
>"Yeah. It took you long enough to get here too. It is just not the same without ya." Gobber sighed.<p>

"Really? I didn't even know I had another Father. Or, another Toothless and Gobber." He frowned.

"Everyone does." Gobber patted his back. "Now hurry up and eat."

"Yes, then we can all go out and fly out dragons in the rain." Stoick nodded, sounding proud.

"We can make it a game." Gobber nodded. Hiccup looked at his father's hand, noticing that his fingers began to tap against the table.

"â€¦The rain?" Hiccup frowned. "What Rain-" he jumped when a sudden boom of thunder shot out from the sky. "O-Oh." He stammered softly. "That rain." The other Gobber snickered at him. Hiccup smiled shyly back, but frowned, "I thought it was dangerous to fly out in the rain?"

"Toothless is perfectly capable to handling the Rain. He is a Night Fury after all." Gobber smiled.

Toothless looked up, giving him a toothless smile. Stoick rose to his feet, circling the table.

"O-Oh. I guess it would be okay then." He stammered softly.

"Besides, the rain brings mud. It is great for poison oak." He grabbed Hiccup's hand, pointing to the rash.

"How did you-" he pulled his hand away in shock. "I uhâ€¦ I would love to stay, but I have to get going. You know, back to my other

Father."

"I am your Other Father." Stoick smiled.

"Yeah." Gobber and Toothless nodded, getting up.

"I mean my otherâ€¦ other father." He stammered weakly, stepping back. He gasped when he ran into Gobber's stomach.

Gobber smiled, letting out a small chuckle.

Gulping, he rubbed his upper arm. "I think I should get to bed." He sighed.

>"Of course. Lets go."<p>

"But-"

"Come on Hiccup." Gobber gave him a small shove to the stairs. Quickly climbing the steps, the other followed.

Opening the bedroom door, he stepped in. Instantly his tools began to surround him, calling out his name, begging him to play with them.

He couldn't help but smile, careful not to step on any of them.

Toothless jumped into the room, circling Hiccup once, giving him a small nudge, before he leapt to his own bed.

Setting it a blaze with a small amount of fire he patted it down till it was to his liking, then laid down, staring at Hiccup.

Hiccup smiled, realizing that Toothless was probably waiting for him to get into his own bed before he would go to sleep himself.

Crawling onto his bed, he almost let out a sigh.

This bed was so soft!

Sitting down, he left his hand run over the soft fabric, unable to get enough of how it felt.

Suddenly, his Other Father stepped forward from the door, a jaw held firmly in his grip.

Hiccup stared at him with wide eyes as the Other Father approached. "O-Oh." He stammered softly as the Other Father took his hand in his large one. "The mud." He said watching as his other dad smeared in on.

His touch was so gentle, so caring. So unlike his other Fathers.

With a small yawn, he laid his head down on the pillow.

He felt himself flush with embarrassment when his Other Father started to place blankets on him. He wasn't used to his father actually tucking him in.

His Other Father lifted his hand, ruffling his 'sons' hair. Hiccup's eye felt heavy as Stoick and Gobber sat next to his bed, watching over him.

"Good Night Hiccup." The other Stoick smiled.

Hiccup felt himself smile as he closed his eyes.

The last thing he heard before he slipped away into his dreams was the voice of the Other Gobber and Other Father saying, "See you soon."

Aww Hiccup. I always find him so adorable XD I hope you all liked this chapter. :D I'm trying to picture Toothless with Button eyes and... it is sort of creepy 0.0

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3! WHOOT WHOOT!

Opening his eyes, Hiccup stretched his arms over his head. He felt content. A type of content he hadn't felt in a while. Smiling to himself, he stared up at his ceiling.

Realization struck him as to what happened last night and he lifted himself off his bed.

He was surprised to see he was back in his original room. Looking around, he tilted his head at Toothless, who was still asleep in his little fire made bed.

Everything was exactly as it was before. How could that be though? Perhaps it was all just a dream. Having a Other Father with button eyes in a world where everyone actually seems to care what you think and do, it just couldn't be real

Sighing, he absent-mindedly scratched his wrist to scratch at the poison oak he got yesterday. Feeling nothing itchy coming from his hand, he gasped, snapping his attention down to it. His poison oak was gone!

Thenâ€¦| what happened last nightâ€¦| The mud and the Other Father were allâ€¦| real? No, it just couldn't be. Stuff like that didn't happen!

>"T-Toothless, bud!" He ran up to him, instantly looking at his eyes. Opening his eyes to look at his owner, Toothless tilted his head, confused. Seeing that his dragon's eyes were round and normal, Hiccup's shoulder slouched.<p>

"So it wasâ€¦| a dream?" he whispered, not sounding too sure of himself. Toothless tilted his head to the other side, letting out a small sound, as if to ask if his rider was feeling alright. "Oh, nothing bud." Hiccup assured him. "Just anâ€¦| odd dream." He rubbed his head with a sigh.

Then it mustn't have been a dream! But something like he had just sawâ€¦| it couldn't have been real. Could it? No one had buttons for eyes.

How could you even see through buttons anyway? And as to getting them onâ€¦ ouch.

Shaking off the shivers that ran down his spine he reached for his Viking helmet. Placing it on top of his head, he ran down the stairs. His father was gone without a word, but had at least started a fire before he left.

Staring at the flames for what seemed like an eternity Hiccup sighed and walked out the door. He scowled to find it was still raining.

>"Rightâ€¦ rain. And Rain meansâ€¦" He mimicked his father's voice, "It is forbidden to go flying! It is too dangerous and the dragons can't handle it well." Toothless trotted up to him from inside the house, staring up at the sky longingly. "Yeah right." Hiccup shook his head in disagreement. "You could handle this rain just fine, right bud? We've been through much worse than just some water." He bent down to scratch his dragon's neck. A sound erupted from the back of Toothless throat, as if stating that he agreed. Hiccup smiled.<p>

"Hiccup!" A voice called to him. Looking up, Hiccup smiled as Astrid ran towards him. "Hey Astrid." He greeted.

She smiled, giving herself a moment to catch her breath. "So, were you ever able to show your dad that doll I gave you yesterday."

"No." he shrugged it off. "But hey, did your grandma really own that? Or did you just make it to look like me so you could freak you out?"

"Why would I do that?" Astrid said, almost amused that Hiccup actually thought some one would go that far to give him the creeps.

"Come on Astrid. Brown hair, my exactly cloths and prosthetic leg?" he pointed to his left foot, raising his eye brows.
>"I found it that way, I swear Hiccup." Astrid held up her hand.<p>

Not very convinced, Hiccup shrugged, walking down the path with Astrid.

"Actually Hiccup, my grandma isn't the owner of that doll." She began. "Though I'm not sure of the whole story, I guess it use to belong to her sister."

"Her sister?" Hiccup wasn't aware that Astrid's grandmother has siblings.

"Apparently she disappeared when they were kids. Some think it was because of dragons, but my grandma saidâ€¦ well, she said something evil in the village stole her."

>"Stole her?" Hiccup repeated, giving Astrid a puzzled look. "By what?"
"I don't know." Astrid shrugged honestly. "Ever since then though, she doesn't like me going around by my self much. Says it is dangerous."

"Well were Vikings, it is an occupational hazard." Hiccup smiled playfully at her.

Astrid smirked at him. "You know what I mean. I think she is worried that I will be stolen too. That any of the kids in the village will be."

Hiccup frowned. Questions shot through his brain faster then he could count. Stolen? Stolen by what? And dangers within the village?

Well after what happened with Mildew Hiccup didn't doubt that, but Mildew wouldn't steal another person's child. None of these Vikings would.

And if it wasn't a dragon, or a Viking that took that girl, then what did?

Looking over his shoulder, he realized that Toothless had begun to fall behind. Standing in the center of the path, Toothless stared up at the sky with wide eyes.

"Come on bud." He called, but something from where Toothless was looking caught his eyes. Both young Vikings teens stopped, following Toothless' gaze.

On the house next to them a small, bright blue dragon stared at them. It's orange eyes were narrowed into slits as it followed Hiccup's every move. Tilting his head, he stared at the dragon.

What sort of dragon was that? Though it was small, it couldn't possibly be a Terrible body shape was different and the color of it's skin was like a Deadly Nadder. So then, what was it. Could it possibly be a new species of Dragon?!

"What sort of Dragon is that?" Astrid asked with wide eyes, her thoughts similar to Hiccup's.

Toothless growled at the unknown dragon, his teeth sprouting from his gums in a deadly warning. "Whoa there bud. It is alright. Hiccup reasoned with him, stepping between them. Slowly walking towards the house, Hiccup held his hand up towards the un-recognizable dragon. "Hey there fella." Hiccup smiled softly.

The dragon looked down at him and relaxed at how calm and soothing Hiccup's voice was. It leaned his head forward, about to press its head to Hiccup's hand when the twin's came barging forward, screaming.

>"Hey what is that!" they screamed, shocking the poor dragon to jump back, growling at them.<p>

"No no, don't do away." Hiccup begged.

"Is that a new dragon?" Fishlegs called, looked excited.

"Boring." Snout Lout sighed.

"Hah!" Tuffnut laughed at how they scared the dragon. "You see that?!"

"He's just a big wussy dragon." Ruffnut laughed

Glaring at the two, the dragon turned it's head, obviously insulted.

"Guys!" Astrid yelled at the twins, making them shut up. The dragon gave Hiccup one more odd look before it took off into the sky, disappearing into the rain.

"And it is gone" Hiccup sighed. "Thanks a lot guys, you were such a big help." he said sarcastically to the twins.

"What? It wasn't our fault." The twins snickered, head butting each other. "That dragon was just a wimp and ran off."

"Who cares about a Terrible Terror anyway?" Snout Lout shrugged.

"That wasn't a Terrible Terror idiot." Astrid hissed at him. "That was something else. A new dragon, and you idiots just scared it off!"

Snout Lout's flinched under her words.

"It will probably be back." Hiccup mumbled to himself. "It probably won't go far in this rain anyway."

The twins smiled at that, seeing that they couldn't be yelled at too much now.

Hiccup sighed in exasperation. "Let's just go."

No one argued, and Toothless, still glaring at the sky, slowly followed.

As the young Viking trudged through the mud, covering their heads from the rain, yet another voice called out to Hiccup.

He usually wasn't this popular. Maybe people noticed him more with the rain?

Snout Lout snorted. "Mr. Crazy is calling you." he snickered. Hiccup looked towards the voice and frowned.

"Hiccup! Good day to you lad!" Alrik, Hiccup's neighbor, called from his house, waving at him. Slowing down his speed, Hiccup gave him a small smile.

>"Hi Alrik." Though Alrik wasn't a bad guy, he had an odd reputation within the clan. Most claimed him to be nuts, and Hiccup couldn't blame them. He said he spoke to dragons, listening to their warnings when the clearly never spoke a word. Yet he said he heard them, as clear as a bell. It also didn't help that<p>

(Note: Alrik does not really exist in HTTYD. He is a OC character I made up to fit the story)

"Where are you headed too?"

>"The Great Hall." Hiccup answered. "I uhâ€¦ have something I need to do." He swiped at the hair that fell in front of his face.<p>

He nodded. "Getting ready for the party huh? Ah the dragons say it

should be grand. Though they have been a little on edge lately. I wonder why." The man mumbled to himself, looking back at his dragons, puzzled. From behind him Snout Lout brought his finger to his head, twirling it, mouthing that this guy was nuts!

"On edge?" Hiccup repeated, glaring at Snout Lout.

"Yes." Alrik's voice grew serious. "They only get this way when something is wrong too. I'm worried something dangerous might be heading our way."

"Uh... right." Hiccup nodded awkwardly, looking back at his friends. "Well, if I notice anything I'll be sure to tell you Alrik." he assured the older viking, who beamed at him.
>"That would be mighty kind of you Hiccup." he nodded, waving the teens off as the disappeared on the trail.<p>

"It is so sad when they get old." Snout Lout shook his head, sighing. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

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"Breakfast!" Fishlegs cheered, reaching for his plate, ready to stuff his mouths. The young Vikings rushed for their own food, except for one.

One very odd teenage Viking.

"Hiccup!" Astrid called when he tried to sneak away from the group. "Where are you going?"

"Yeah, aren't you going to eat?" Fishlegs questioned.
>"Oh uh I just, have something I need to do over there really quick. Be right back." With that he ran off, leaving a very confused Astrid and Fishlegs to watch over his dragon.<p>

Running to the end of the Great Hall, he spotted the door, just the same as how he had left it when he first opened it yesterday.

Hiccup dropped to his knees, biting his bottom lip in anticipation. He swung the small door open, his shoulder slouching at the sight of wood and brick. Reaching his hand out, he ran his fingers over the surface, tilting his head.

"Huh." He said softly. So then, it was a dream? Closing the door with a sigh, he got to his feet.

How foolish he was. Of course it was dream!
>How could something like that ever be real, and happen to him? Shaking his head in frustration and his own foolishness, he walked back to his friends, determined to completely forget about his dream last night.<p>

Yet, the more he tried, the more he found his thoughts drawn to that odd little door. He had never had a dream like that before. Especially a dream that had seemed so real.

"Gobber have you ever had strange dreams?" Hiccup said softly once he joined the young Vikings at the table, finding that they had all sat next to Gobber. Pratically his second guardian.

"Dreams?" Gobber repeated, digging into his food. "Well, everyone has odd dreams. I once dreamed that I turned into a beautiful milk maid, and the my voice was so beautiful, I could sooth any dragon's heart just by singing a single note."

"That's uhâ€¦" Hiccup trailed off.

>"Weird." Astrid finished for him, glancing at the rest of the teen Vikings.
"Not to mention it will never happen." Ruffnut and Tuffnut snickered.

"It was just a dream. We've all had weird dreams." Gobber defended himself.

"I once had a dream that everyone looked like Gobber, and they were all walking around without any pants on." Ruffnut scowled in disgust.

"Yeah, I'm going to have nightmares now." Hiccup sighed. Too much information there.

"That's nice, but nothing compared to my dreams. My weirdest dream was that I suddenly became chief of Berk, but I was a sheep for some reason. And Toothless kept trying to eat me, but I was all super Viking on him and he was never able to."

"I once had a dream where there were thousands of Meatlugs, and they all tried to hug me at once. Then they squished together and made one giant Meatlug, and sat on Stoick and Hiccup." Fishlegs shuddered at the memory. "Then they fed me vegetables and threatened to sit on me too if I didn't eat them."

"Okay, too much information." Hiccup shook his head. This wasn't going how he planned it to.

"Why the sudden interest in dreams Hiccup?" Gobber motioned to me. "You have some odd dreams last night?"

"â€¦Odd?" he said softly. "Wellâ€¦ yeah, I did. It was reallyâ€¦ really strange."

Astrid looked at me, tilting her head. "How so?"

>"Yeah, you get eaten by dragons or something?" Ruffnut smirked.<p>

"Or get mauled by spiders?" Tuffnut added.

>"Maybe you tried to ask out a girl, and she turned you down." Snoutlout smirked.<p>

"None of those actually." Hiccup glared at all of them, reaching down to scratch Toothless on the head. He purred in reply.

"Was it about dragons?" Fishlegs smiled, looking excited.

>"Sort of." The young heir to the tribe shrugged. "Toothless was in it though." he looked down at him with a smile. "He lookedâ€¦ weird though."<p>

"Was he pink? Please don't tell me he was pink." Ruffnut's eyes grew wide with horror.

"The Pinkfury." Tuffnut mumbled to herself.

Letting out a small laugh, Hiccup shook his head. "No, he looked basically the sameâ€¦ except for his eyes." He trailed off, shuddering at the sight of them. It is not that they were that creepy, actually with some time, he might even get used to them. Just the shock of knowing he had buttons for eyes though, was just a little too much for Hiccup to handle at the time.

"His eyes?" Astrid frowned.

"They were buttons." Hiccup pointed to my own eyes.

>"Creepy." They Vikings said together.<p>

"So wait, they were actual buttons?" Fishlegs tilted his head.

"Big round, sewn in buttons." Hiccup leaned forward, taking a nervous sip of my drink. "And that is not the half of it."

"Well, go on. This sounds interesting." Gobber smirked, motioning for me to continue.

"Wellâ€¦" the brunet began my story from entering the small little door just at the end of the Great Hall all the way to the point where his Other Father tucked him in and put mud on his hand.

"And your poison oak is gone too." Astrid noted, narrowing her eyes suspiciously.

"Whoa, that is freaky." Tuffnut and Ruffnut looked over their shoulder towards the small little door. Everyone followed their gazes, staring at the door in silence.

"So wait, were we there?" the twin Vikings tilted their head.

"Well, I was only in the Great Hall and my House. Though I don't know why you were there Gobber." Hiccup looked at the older Viking, who shrugged.

>"Well if it really was me, nothing can pull me away from a good meal. And if you Dad ever managed to cook something decent, I wont be far behind."<p>

Hiccup smiled. "I think the weirdest part was how happy my dad was. Or how Toothless had buttons for eyes." He looked down at his dragon, who stared up at him with wide, normal eyes.

>"I wonder what my dragon would look like with button eyes." Astrid said to herself, trying to picture it.<p>

"Creepy." Ruffnut answered simply. "Bet it would freak everyone out though!" he cackled.

Tuffnut nodded. "Think we could mentally scare the kids for life?"

"We should try it!" They agreed.

"You really, really shouldn't." Hiccup sighed, shaking his head. Slowly turning his head, he looked towards the back of the Great Hall. Towards the door.

Something about that door compelled him to run to it, swing it open, and run back to find the Other Father. Yet at the same time, something in the back of Hiccup's head said he shouldn't. That he never should have found that door in the first place. Maybe it is just the button eyes that are freaking him out?

"So there was another Stoick, called the Other Father?" Snoutlout snorted at how ridiculous that sounded.

"That is quiet a dream you had there Hiccup." Gobber chewed on his food, staring at me.

he nodded wearily. "Yeah, and it seemed so real too. Though, nothing like that could actual happen."

"Buttons for eyes." Fishlegs scratched at his temple, trying to picture himself with button eyes.

"Freaky." Everyone answered with a laugh. Their laughter began to die down when the Vikings Mulch and Bucket approached the, their expressions grim.

"Good day to you Gobber." Mulch greeted, Bucket trotting right behind him.

>"Mulch good to see you. Come, sit down." Gobber pointed to the seats next to him, but Mulch raised his hand.
"Can't stay to talk Gobber. We only came to see Hiccup." Mulch turned to the heir of the tribe.

"Me, why." Hiccup's eyes brows raised in question.

"Elder Gothi wishes to see you." Bucket piped it from behind. "It is important."

"Why would she want to see Hiccup?" the twins said in unison.

"That is what I would like to know." He got up from his seat.

"It must be something important. Want us to go with you?" Astrid got to her feet, looking at Hiccup.

He looked back at them, then at Toothless. "If you want." He shrugged.

>"Then lets go!"<p>

"Boring." The twins and Snoutlout sighed, but came along for the trip anyway.

Hmm, I hope this chapter didn't seem to rushed 0.0 And I wonder, what does Elder Gothi possibly want Hiccup for? Find out, next time!

4. Chapter 4

_Wahoo! Chapter 4! Thank you all to have reviewed. You have made me so happy, and I just love writing this story :D _

After entering Elder Gothi's house, Hiccup began to feel nervous. It wasn't often that Elder Gothi would summon someone. Usually when the

villagers, or his father, wanted to know something, they would come to her on their own. For her to actually summon someone before they needed any information was never a good sign.

From within the house Mulch and Bucket stood towards the side of the room, looking almost like lost children. It never sat well with them when something bad might happen on Berk. Especially to their young heir.

Elder Gothi slowly approached Hiccup, giving him an odd look. As if she was surprised that he actually showed up. Why she might have thought that, Hiccup wasn't sure.

As soon as she seemed satisfied with that fact Hiccup was there she began to scribble in the ground with her stick, her eyes never leaving Hiccup's.

From behind Hiccup, the other Viking teens were huddled around the door, looking over Hiccup's shoulders confused. Why would Elder Gothi possibly wish to see Hiccup?

Was something wrong?

When Elder Gothi was done with her scribbling, she took a shaky step back.

"What does it say?" Hiccup asked.

>Gobber stepped forward, the whole scenario catching his interest. If Elder Gothi wanted to see Hiccup, this must be serious. "It says," he paused to read, "You are in grave danger." He said softly.<p>

"Danger?" Hiccup repeated, taken aback. He looked at Elder Gothi, who never got her predictions wrong, which worried him. "From what?" What dangers were there left to face? With peace between their dragons and on Berk, what exactly could he be in danger from?

Perhaps the Outcasts? They had been showing up more and more lately.

She looked down sadly, shaking her head.

She did not know the answer yet, which seemed to frustrate and worry even more.

"With all do respect Elder Gothi," Astrid spoke, "But what dangers could there possibly be?"

"Certainly not the dragons," Gobber agreed.

"Maybe the Outcast?" Fishlegs voiced Hiccup's thoughts.

>"Those guys?" Tuffnut and Ruffnut said together.<p>

The elder women in front of them frowned, continuing her scribbles in the ground.

"She said she does not know." Gobber announced. "But whatever it isâ€¦ it is close. She says she sees..." he looked back at her. "A terrible hand?"

Hiccup frowned. Below him Toothless nudged him, grumbling in worry. "It is okay bud." Hiccup said softly, petting his head. Looking up, he looked at Gobber and the Elder Gothi. "What do I do?"

Elder Gothi began to scribble in the ground again, Gobber staring over her shoulder.

"Stay close to the village. But be wary of new mysteries."

"What does that mean?" Astrid frowned.

>"New Mysteries, that prediction sounds so cheesy." Snout Lout folded his arms. Astrid elbowed him in the gut, making him wince and reel back.<p>

Not too keen on the whole thing, Hiccup sighed, "Okay."

Smiling at him, as if to comfort him, Elder Gothi nodded.

It wasn't long after that till everyone exited the house. Yet that eerie feeling in their chests stayed as they trudged through the rain.

With their business with Elder Gothi done, Gobber waved off the young Vikings, returning to his own work while Bucket and Mulch headed back to the farms.

The young Viking's on the other hand began to head to their homes, or at least close to them.

"A terrible hand," Astrid repeated on their way back towards their houses. "What could that mean?"

>"Something like this?" Tuffnut cackled, waving his germ and mud covered fingers in front of Hiccup's face. Reeling back at the gruesome hand, Hiccup frowned.<p>

"Yeah, definitely terrible," he grumbled.

"Bet my hand is more terrible," Ruffnut pushed her palm into Tuffnut's nose.

"Mine if worst," he did the same to her.

"Right," Astrid sighed, "Well, we should probably go tell your Dad,"

"Tell my Dad?" Hiccup paused to look at her in surprise.

"Yeah, you can't just not tell him," Astrid frowned, placing her hand on her hips.

"Well," Hiccup trailed off. He oddly enough didn't want his dad to know of Elder Gothi's prediction. His Dad was busy enough as it is.

"He would probably want to know," Fish legs said.

>"Why should he? I wouldn't tell my Dad," Snout Lout snorted, folding his hands behind his head.<p>

"Well his Dad is the head of the clan," Fish Legs frowned.

"Probably find out anyway." Tuffnut licked his hand and smeared it on Ruffnut's face.

"Gotta love gossip," She bit his hand, making him snicker.

"Call that a bit? Make it bleed!"

She bit down hard, causing the skin between two of his knuckles to bleed.

"Wow!" Tuffnut cheered, as if he had one some great prize.

Sighing, Hiccup shook his head. So he had no choice in telling his Dad then, huh?

Mentally preparing himself for whatever his Dad would say when he told him, Hiccup kicked a stone with his foot. It rolled forward, landing into a puddle that continued to grow due to the rain.

"Hiccup!"

He paused at the sound of someone calling his name. Looking back up the path, the Viking frowned at the sight of Alrik running towards them for the second time that day.

"Hiccup!" Alrik yelled desperately, waving to him. Tilting his head, Hiccup stepped away from the Viking teens, taking a few steps to meet the old Viking rushing towards him.

>"What is it Alrik?" Hiccup asked.<p>

"The dragons, asked me to give you a message." The man said softly, glancing around as if trying to keep the information just between them. Hiccup blinked, glancing at Toothless and his friends.

Snout lout brought his finger towards his head, twirling it to signal his thoughts yet again. _This guy is nuts!

>"You're dragons?" Hiccup repeated, slowly looking back at him. The man nodded rigorously, looking worried. Like he had just seen a ghost.

"They are sayingâ€|" he paused, narrowing his eyes to make sure no one else but the young Vikings and Toothless could hear. "Do not go through the little door in the Great Hall."

Hiccup's eyes grew wide, as did the other young Vikings. "Tâ€|The little door?" Hiccup repeated, his voice hoarse. So people, at least dragons, had seen him go in there last night? But wasn't it justâ€| a dream?!

"Do you know of such a thing?" Alrik looked at Hiccup suspiciously.

"The one behind the shields rack?" Astrid looked towards the direction of the Great Hall.

"That door is lame though." Ruffnut sighed, looking bored.

>"Yeah, it is all bricked up. It is a kill joy." Tuffnut agreed. The older Viking nodded, having not realized that fact.<p>

"Yeah, Hiccup only said he went through that door in his dream." Fishlegs nodded.

"And my dreamâ€¦ it could have only been a dream. A lot of weird things happened in it that don't normally happen," Hiccup rubbed the back of his head, his mind flashing back to last night.

"Hmm, I see." Alrik rubbed his chin. "Sorry to disturb you Hiccup. Sometimes the dragons don't have a clue in what they are saying. Always saying such nonsense about creepy people with button eyes."

Hiccup let out a gasp. "B-Button eyes?!" he stammered, stepping forward. "Like, actually buttons for eyes?" he pointed to his eyes to emphasize his point. The man nodded, looking confused.
>"Such a thing doesn't actually happen though Hiccup. How could you see with buttons for eyes?" he chuckled with a small bow before he turned to leave.
Hiccup looked back at the Viking teens, who looked just as shocked and confused as he.

"He knew about the eyes." Astrid said softly.

"He is insane, he says things like that all the time." Snout Lout waved off the worry with a carefree smile. "People who are old just get sad after a while."

Hiccup wanted to disagree. Something about all of this was a little off setting. First the warning from Elder Gothi, and now another warning from supposed dragons that could talk?

"But I neverâ€¦ mentioned my dream except to Gobber and you guys," Hiccup said quickly.

Astrid placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "In a way, Snout Lout is right Hiccup. Alrik isn't as sane as he use to be. I'm honestly not surprised he would say something like that."

"It is still a little suspicious though I suppose," Fish Legs piped in. "First Elder Gothi, now Alrik?"

"Yeah," Hiccup agreed.

"Well, don't let it get to you too much. We should worry more about Elder Gothi's prediction," Astrid concluded.

Not feeling as comforted as he would like, Hiccup nodded meekly.

-000-

Since it had begun to hail down hard at Berk, Hiccup had spent the next few hours at Fishlegs' place with the others. Though the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut were actually running around trying to get hit with large chunks of hail outside, the others chatted inside around the fire.

Snout Lout began to tale great tales of different, most likely fake, adventures he had gone on a few years ago. Astrid on the other hand began to polish her axe, making it shine in the fire's light.

Hiccup, not really paying attention to either, was chatting with Fish Legs about the new dragon they saw earlier that morning.

Hiccup really wished he had been able to get a better look at it. He had never seen anything like it!

He was sure though that it was still somewhere around Berk though. Not many dragons flew during the rain or hail.

Or perhaps that is why it showed up? Maybe it was a dragon that liked the rain or hail? He would try to look for it again tomorrow.

"I wonder if it hates eels?" Fish leg's comment brought Hiccup back to reality and he shrug.

"Maybe, "

"You two still talking about that dragon we saw this morning?" Snout Lout sighed in boredom.

"It is a new type of dragon Snout Lout," Hiccup turned to him.
>"So what? A dragon is a dragon,"<p>

"We could be the first to discover it! We can name it!" Fish legs said with glee, bouncing a bit.

"Haha, we can name it after me!" Snout Lout pointed to him self with a cocky grin.

"Yeah," Hiccup trailed off sarcastically, lifting himself up. Looking towards the window, he smiled to see it was no longer hailing. Yet of course though, it had to continue to rain.

"Well, I should head back home," he announced.
>"Yeah, me too," Astrid agree, lifting up herself along with the axe.<p>

The group of friends said their quick good byes before rushing off to home. It had been a long day, and Hiccup couldn't wait to crawl into is bed.

Thinking of his bed, his mind wondered back to his bed back in the 'Other Berk'. That bed had been so soft. The softest bed he had ever slept of.

Wait a minute, what was he thinking? That bed, that world, thatâ€| 'Other Father', were all just dreams. A really weird dream.

Shacking the thoughts away, he began to approach his house.

With the day's events still in his mind, Hiccup trudged up towards his house with a sour expression. His hair was soaked and his cloths were making him cold. He just wanted to get into bed as fast as possible. Maybe tomorrow would be better.

Tilting his head up, he watched at Toothless crawled in through the window on the top, quick to escape the rain and lay down for a long nap.

Honestly, he didn't feel like facing his dad right now. Maybe he too could climb in through the window?

Thinking better of his crazed thoughts, he reached for the door. Carefully to open it, the young Viking flinched at the sight of his Dad, sitting towards the fire. It was if he was waiting for him. Quietly stepping in, Hiccup closed the door softly behind him.

As if his Dad had super hearing, his attention snapped to the door. "Hiccup," he rose when he saw his Son.

"Hey Dad, I'm home," Hiccup said quickly. Turning to go to his room, his Dad placed a hand on his shoulder, forcing him to turn to him. He felt surprised when his Dad looked at him in worry.

"I heard of what Elder Gothi foretold." Stoick announced, his expression grim.

Hiccup's shoulder slouched. Oh, so Gobber had told him after all?

>"Yeah." Hiccup shrugged, not sure what else to say. An awkward silence filled the air. What was one suppose to say when you learn you are in grave danger?<p>

"Stay close." Stoick's voice cut into his thoughts. "Don't go too far from the village and stay with another Viking at all costs." He warned.

>"Dad, I can take care of myself." Hiccup argued, not wanting a baby sitter. He had gone his whole life with running off where ever he pleased, mainly due to no one really caring whether he was around or not. However, now that he had Toothless, he certainly didn't need a bodyguard. Toothless was more then enough.<p>

Granted, he felt a little touched, having his dad concerned like this.

"I'm not saying you can't Hiccup. It is better to be safe then sorry. Until we know what this threat- this mysterious hand is you are not allowed to leave the village." He father spoke sternly.

That was completely un-fair. "Dad-"

"No butts Hiccup. That is final." He turned to leave. Hiccup sighed. This was ridiculous.

Storming back around, he started up the stairs. "Son," his father called after him. Halfway up, he paused to look back down.

"â€|Yeah?" he asked softly, staring at his dad. Something in his father's eyesâ€| it held more then just that cold look of disappointment he often got.

It was something moreâ€| warmer then disappointment. Something caring and fearful for his son's safety.

For a moment, Hiccup thought that his dad was going to say somethingâ€| fatherly.

"Justâ€| don't be reckless Hiccup." Stoick cleared his throat. Giving

him a small forced smile Hiccup nodded meekly. Not exactly what he wanted, but it was better than nothing he supposed.
>"Okay dad." He sighed. He retreated to his room, diving into his bed. Toothless looked at him for a moment before bringing his head back down to his arms, resting them on top of each other to curl back into a warm slumber.<p>

Hiccup stared at him, glancing at his door. Oddly enough, his mind went back to the Other Father. Would he believe Hiccup in him being able to take care of himself?

Slowly reaching into his pocket, Hiccup pulled out some hidden cheese he had placed in his pocket before. He knew it sounded silly, but he had to be sure!

Placing the cheese on the ground, he looked at the door. He had to make sure that everything that happened yesterday was a dream.

Bringing his covers up, he wrapped them around himself snugly. Though they weren't the softest things, they at least kept him warm. Turning to his side he stared at the cheese, feeling oddly anxious for what might happen.

Call him foolish, but he wanted to go back to that odd world, where everyone's eyes were buttons. Something about it—something about the affection and love that he had received there, all in just a matter of minutes.

It was something he craved for. Something he had wished some one would give to him, but would probably never get the chance to have.

Pulling his covers up a little bit more, his eyes felt heavy.

See you soon

The Other father's words echoed in his head. "Will I?" he mumbled to himself. "Will I really?"

I hope so.

In the back of his mind, before he fell in slumber, Hiccup thought back to Alrik and Elder Gothi's warning.

He was in grave danger—grave danger—grave danger— from what? From some new mystery? What did that mean exactly? There were many mysteries in Berk.

Maybe he should—

Squeak squeak

His eyes snapped open, a small smile pulling at his lips.

5. Chapter 5

**Wow! I don't understand why it took me so long to update this.
**

**And even with all the time it took me, I still feel like this chapter was rushed. It might not be, and I might just be losing it. Oh well. **

**Anyway, hope you enjoy the chapter. Sorry for any spelling mistakes there might be! **

Throwing his sheets off, Hiccup lifted himself up just in time to see the small mouse from the night before picking up his mice bait.

The Mouse!

It sniffed it greedily, giving him only a glance before it ran to the door. He grinned, following after it. Quickly tiptoeing to the door, he glanced at Toothless, glad to see that his dragon was still asleep.

As quick as his legs- sorry, leg, could carry him, he burst down the steps and out the door.

He followed the mouse up the familiar trail of Berk, all the way to the great hall, to the small door in the back. From the crack as it did before the other night, it squeezed its way through.

Hiccup dove for the door, sliding on his knees till he hit the wall with his hands to stop himself.

Without wasting another second he ripped open the door, the familiar breeze lifting up his hair as the almost magical tunnel opened up to him. It's light blue color illuminating his face in a comfortable aura.

He didn't know whether this was real or a dream, and he didn't care.

With smile, he looked over his shoulder. The Vikings currently in the great hall were so busy chatting, they would never notice him going through.

And even if they did notice, this was only a dream. It isn't like they could stop him or come after him. And why would they try to?

Carefully putting his hand out, he began to once again crawl down the glowing tunnel

The fabric shifted under his finger tips, as if welcoming his return. Quickening his pace, he moved through the tunnel, all the way to the door at the end. Swinging it open, his eyes widened to see he was back in the Great Hall again.

Or, the _other _Great Hall.

With a smile, he rushed to the exit, down the path, and straight to his house. Leaping up the steps he paused at the door, carefully opening it to peek it inside.

His other Father was once again standing in front of the fire place, making dinner for the both of them.

Stepping inside, his other Father turned to face him.

"Welcome back son," the Other Stoick gave him a wide smile.

"Hi," he waved shyly. It was still a little odd to see his dad with buttons for eyes. But that warm smile seemed to make those thoughts go away.

"I see you brought me some cheddar. I'm glad you remembered how much I love it."

"Cheddar?" Hiccup paused to look at the clump of cheese in the other Stoic's hands. "Oh rightâ€¦ the mouse bait." He trailed off with a small smile.

"Could you go get Gobber?" his other father inquired.

"Gobber?"

"Yes. I told him he could eat dinner with us tonight. He is waiting for you. He's got something to show you too. Some crazy invention no doubt," the Other Stoick shook his head.

"You meanâ€¦ the Other Gobber?" Hiccup titled his head.

>"This worlds Gobber," The Other Father corrected. "No go on. You know how he doesn't like to wait," with those words, he brought a strawberry towards him, stuffing it into Hiccup's mouth.<p>

A little shocked at first, Hiccup grinned at the blast of flavor. It was rare for Berk to grow strawberries. It was never warm enough for them to grow. And even then it was rare for the merchants who came to the village to have them.

Savoring the sweet taste, he didn't mind when his other father nudged him towards the door. Moving through Berk, he was surprised to see no one out on the streets.

Was this weird dream world only filled with another Gobber, Toothless and Father?

When he reached towards Gobber's house, his eyes widened at the sight of Gobber working some odd looking inventions. They were tall, turning left and right wildly, showing off all the gear within them. He wasn't sure why, but these large machines, which had claw like hands at the end, were picked up large amounts of rocks and moving them into different spots.

He couldn't believe it! He had never seen such advanced technology before, and Gobber seemed to be controlling it all with just a tiny little panel.

In the middle of it all, his father's second hand man was working the devices, smiling brightly.

"Other Gobber!" he called to him!

"Ah Hiccup!" he waved his hooked hand, "Come on now, get over here!"

Moving around the machines, he grinned. "What are you doing?"

>"This." The other Gobber motioned to the machines just as they lifted a few more stones.<p>

"Your Machinesâ€|" Hiccup said softly. "They are amazing!"
>"Our machines." He corrected.<p>

Suddenly to his left, the other Toothless jumped down to join them with a few other terrible terror dragons.

Hiccup didn't want to be rude, and had been best friends with Toothless for a long time, but he had to really force himself not to shudder at the sight of those round button eyes on his dragon. It would really take some getting use to, and even thenâ€| the idea of being able to see through buttoned eyes was justâ€| creepy.

"Oh hey uhâ€| other bud." Hiccup waved a bit to him.

Giving him a toothless smile, the other Toothless came to rub against his leg. The other dragons leapt towards him. Gasping in shock, he fell onto his back, laughing as they began to lick at his cheeks, curling against him.

"Ah-haha!" he laughed, struggling to pull away. The dragons squeaked and squaked in joy, continuing to tickle the poor Viking teen.

The Other Gobber turned to him. "Ah, there is a Hiccup in need of aid!" he gasped in fake shock. Rushing to Hiccup heroically, he shoed away the dragons, helping Hiccup to his feet. "You shall tickle no more, little dragon terrors." Gobber struck a funny pose and the dragons rushed off.

Chuckling, Hiccup tilted his head slightly. "So uh, my other father told me to get you for dinner."

>"Food!" Gobber chirped happily. He was about to rush for the house but paused, looking to the other Toothless. With a smile, he reached out towards Hiccup. "Got something to show ya," Hooking his hook to Hiccup's vest, he lifted the boy up to Night Fury. Quickly jumping onto the back of Toothless, the three took into the air, carefully hovering the area.<p>

Looking down, Hiccups eyes widened at the sight of the project the Other Gobber's high tech machines had been working on. It was like a large picture of his face.

"It is dedicated to our village's hero." The Other Gobber explained. "The slayer of the Red Death."

Baffled, Hiccup looked back at him. "It'sâ€| amazing." He would never think that the village would make something like this for him. "Is thisâ€| for me?"

"Who else?" the Other Gobber laughed.

Chuckling a bit, Hiccup ran a hand through his hair. "Well it is justâ€| I mean, whoa! Thank you."

"Ah Stoick said you would like it," his other mentor nodded, very

pleased with his work. "He knows you like the back of his hand he does."

Hiccup turned to him "â€|Does he?"

"Of course!" the other Gobber smiled. "You are his son after all."

Hiccup slowly smiled. It was a very big surprise when his Dad actually knew something about him. There were the obvious things of course. His love for dragons, his appearance and weak physical strength. But his actually hobbies besides reading and flying, his dad barely knew anything about those.

"Now move it Toothless, dinner is getting' cold!" the Other Gobber extended his hand out in a 'charge' sort of motioned, and the three flew towards Hiccup's house.

Laughing, Hiccup absent mindedly looked down towards the village.

It wasâ€| so quite. None of the other Vikings were in sight, making the place seem empty. Almost deserted.

Frowning a bit, he didn't have much time to think about it as Toothless landed in front of his door.

Without wasting another second, the other Gobber dragged Hiccup inside, quickly seating him down on the table. It was surprising to see yet another large, and delicious looking meal covering the table.

"I love food." Gobber cheered, packing his plate full. Hiccup chuckled at the sight, taking a bite of his own meal.

It was like the heavens themselves were dancing along his tongue.

"Hiccup, I forgot to tell you, but the Bucket and Mulch have invited you to the training arena today." His other father announced, reaching out to place a hand on Hiccup's shoulder, catching his attention.

Surprised, Hiccup raised his eyebrow. "Really? Why?"
>"I heard that they have a surprise for you,." The other Gobber explained, his mouth full.<p>

"Surprise? For me? That's never really happened before. I wonder what they would want to show me." Hiccup mumbled. It was so weird, but it made him a little comfortable knowing that there were indeed other Vikings within the village. Did this other Bucket and Mulch have buttons for eyes too though?

"Well, everything is possible in this world Hiccup." Gobber smiled.

Stoic nodded. "Indeed. Know, hurry up and finish. Your friends are waiting."

"â€|My friends?" Hiccup paused mid bite.

Suddenly his front door swung open, revealing several figures. He lifted his head when the other Viking children stepped in. Hiccup almost gasped at the sight of themâ€¦ especially their eyes.

"G-Guys," he stammered softly.

Astrid waved to him, "Hi Hiccup, good to see you."

There were other versions of his friends too?!

"Yes, a nice day we are having, no?" FishLegs looked up to the sky, as if trying to determine what the weather would be like later before stepping in.

>With a shrug, Hiccup nodded. "Yeahâ€¦ I guess." He looked towards SnoutLout, Tuffnut and Ruffnut. "â€¦Hi," he greeted awkwardly.<p>

They all waved back with happy smiles.

Hiccup frowned. This would usually be the moment when the twins would hit each other/ break something and Snout lout would say some comment about his strength and height.

Yet there was nothing?

"Umâ€¦ Hey?" he tried again.

They nodded to him, as if to say hello back.

"Why aren't they-?"

"Talking?" Other Gobber chuckled.

"They don't talk," the Other Astrid announced.

>"Yes," The Other Father placed his hands on the twins shoulders. "I thought you would be happier if they spoke a little less. So we fixed them," he patted their heads. They smiled at him, as if the idea of 'fixing someone's voices' was normal for this world.<p>

A little taken aback, Hiccup rubbed his throat. "Youâ€¦ fixed them?"

Snout Lout nodded, giving Hiccup a welcoming grin

Okayâ€¦ weird.

"So, they can't talkâ€¦ at all?" Hiccup was a little uneasy.

"Yup."

Hiccup paused to think of this. This was only a dream after all. This was a world where these three didn't talk at all.

They were completely silent.

He slowly smiled at the thought. No more teasing, no more yelling, just peaceful silence. "I like it," he admitted.

'Thought you would," the other Stoick chuckled, "No go on," he motioned for them to exit the house.

Pushed outside, Hiccup glanced at his other father. "Uhâ€¦ be back soon?"

The other Stoic nodded, waving him off.

With a smile, Hiccup moved down the steps to walk with his other friends.

They all walked joyfully towards the dragon arena.
>"What a great night." The other Astrid smiled.<p>

Looking to the clear sky, Hiccup nodded. "Yeah." He looked towards the other twins, who almost skipped joyfully.

"â€¦You two are awfully cheerful for people whoâ€¦ y'know, can't say anything."

The two nodded to him. He looked towards the Other Snoutlout, who also nodded in agreement.

"It didn't hurtâ€¦ did it?" he asked the three of them. They looked at him, tilting their heads. "You know when the other father-" he motioned to his throat. They frowned for a split second, quickly smiling, as if they realized they had to always smile.

Though, if they wanted to frown, they could. Hiccup wouldn't judge them.

Before he could try to get an answer out of the three, a large group of dragons suddenly flew over head. Snapping his attention up, he watched them fly towards the dragon training arena, landing inside with perfect unison.

"It is starting, come on!" Astrid grabbed his hand, yanking him forward. Surprised, Hiccup stumbled after the group as they tugged him into the dragon training arena. When they got inside, Hiccup felt himself blush when he realize he was still holding onto the other Astrid's hands.

_Should he pull away or just stay like this? What if she got mad since he didn't pull away? Or maybe she didn't even notice?

—

Suddenly she looked at him. "Come on Hiccup." She laughed, yanking him forward. "We gotta grab some seats."

"â€¦Seats?" he repeated, looking forward. He was stunned to see dozens of dragons squished into the dragon training arena. They were all waiting, looking towards him expectantly to take a seat. Slowly pulling him down to the ground, his friends laughed at his stunned face.

"This isn't even the best part yet." Fishlegs giggled.

"â€¦Really?" Hiccup mumbled.

"Yeah. The _fun is just beginning." _

Hiccup jumped when Mulch and Bucket suddenly appeared behind them, giving them warmed, button eyed smiles.

Hiccup felt that he should have been excited with this surprise. And he was.

However, there was something about this whole thing that just feltâ€¦ odd to him. That he was missing something crucial.

_Oh well, he could think of it after the show. _

6. Chapter 6

Hiccup had to admit something. Something he thought he never would say in his life.

Mulch and Bucketâ€¦ could really put on a good show. And not just a good show, and amazing show!

To think they were this good at handling dragons, it was surprising.

After Hiccup sat down to watch the performance, he was instantly on the edge of his seat.

All the dragons on the island had come together for one big event; a flying spectacular.

They moved together in such perfect sync, circling and spinning about one another. Hiccup grinned brightly when suddenly, all the dragons began to circle each other in one big ball ofâ€¦ ball ofâ€¦ ball of epicness. (Hiccup wasn't even sure that was a word, but he was going to use it anyway)

Above the circle, Storm Fly, Astrid's dragon, arrived. It cut through the ball, causing the Dragon to disperse like a dragon explosion.

"Ya see that?!" Fishlegs giggled excitedly.
>"Yeah." Hiccup murmured.<p>

The dragon continued to fly above, firing off different shots of fire, making shapes he wasn't even aware Dragons were capable off.

"Bucket and Mulch planned all this?" he called to Astrid, still not believing his eyes.

"Not just them. Stoic also helped." Astrid smiled.

"The Other Father?"

"The Better Father." Fishlegs and Astrid said together.

Hiccup blinked at their statement, but didn't question it since the Other Toothless suddenly jumped up next to him, giving off a low grunt. Looking to hisâ€¦ Other Friend, Hiccup tilted his head. "What is it Other Toothless?" he asked.

The Other Toothless didn't answer and grabbed Hiccup by the collar of his shirt, flipping him onto his back.
>"Whoa!" Hiccup gasped when they ran forward.<p>

"Oh!" The Other Mulch motioned to Hiccup. "And Hiccup has joined the party?"
>"I-" he looked at the other Toothless, who let out a little chuckle. "Guess?" he smiled weakly.<p>

"Well get up there!" The Other Bucket pointed to the skies. With a small smile, Hiccup petted the other Toothless' back.

"Ready Other Bud?" _That sounded weird_

Toothless nodded and the two shot into the air, circling and spinning with the dragons.

It was amazing. Hiccup had never gotten to fly with so many dragons before in his life. They all circled him, practically smiling in welcome to him.

As if trying to tell him he was home.

â€|Home?

Hiccup paused from his enjoyment of the moment to stare more closely at the dragons. They all had buttoned eyes. How could they see with those? How could anyone see with them?

Toothless suddenly dipped down, shocking Hiccup. His cry of surprise quickly morphed into laughter when Toothless began to spin. Feeling the wind rushed through his hair, he grinned widely.

Soon, all his Other friends had joined him. Even the Other Bucket and Mulch came to fly with him.

They laughed, and flew high into the sky, letting the stars shine down on them.

It was like a dream.

Yet of course, as all dreams, it eventually comes to an end. At some point Toothless landed close to his house, on the grass. He rolled off of Toothless and onto the grass, where his Other Friends soon followed.

They star gazed for, well; Hiccup wasn't even sure how long. They just laid there for what felt like eternity.

Feeling something grab his hand, he turned his head to his right to see the Other Astrid smiling at him.

"Did you enjoy today?" she asked.

Blushing madly, he stammered, "Y-Yeah."

She chuckled, squeezing his hand. "That is good."

Feeling more embarrassed than he ever had he chuckled nervously. To

prevent any more embarrassment he turned back up to the stars to distract himself. The Other Astrid didn't let go of his hand though.

Would the real Astrid do this? Probably not. She would probably punch him or | or something like that.

Around an hour later, he yawned, feeling the sleep coming to him. Staring up at the sky above, Hiccup smiled at the sparkling stars. Slowly he felt his eyes grow heavy, the grass feeling soft against his back.

>Without meaning to he fell into a small slumber. He barely noticed when the other father scooped his small frame into his arms, carrying him back through the woods to their house.<p>

Carefully cradling the boy in his arms, he made his way up their stairs.

Time seemed to pass by so fast. Too fast for his liking. In a blink of an eye, he seemed to already be home, up the stairs, and in bed.

He hadn't been this tired in ages. A day filled with such fun and joy, it was something he had wished for a longest of time.

His Other Father lifted the sheets up, covering him up. When was the last time his father had tucked him in?

Don't get him wrong, Hiccup was a teenager and didn't need to be treated like a small child. Yet his father, through all of his life, had never once tucked him in to bed.

The last time he had been tucked in at all was when he was little by his mother, before she passed away. After that he was left in the coldness of his room, forced to fend off those nightmares and scary things hiding under his bed by himself.

The other Astrid smiled at him from the end of his bed, giving him a small wave.

Why had she wanted to come into his room so bad? Especially watch him get tucked into bed? And even the Other Gobber was here!

>Hiccup quickly forgot that when the Other Father leaned forward ruffling his hair and placing a small kiss on is forehead.<p>

His father hadn't done that since he was 6!

He felt himself flush red in embarrassment, not sure how to respond. He would be lying if he said he hadn't wished for his father to show him affection like this.

To tuck him in, welcome him home and actually want to have conversations with him.

Leaning his head back, Hiccup stared at the Other counter parts of his friends and family and smiled. His eyes fluttered shut, and he fell into a blissful sleep.

-000 "

He dreamt something weird after he closed his eyes. He dreamed of a dark, boney handâ€| reaching out for him. It grabbed him, and started pulling him towards it.

He wanted to pull away, to scream, but he couldn't. It kept pulling him deeper into the darkness, laughing.

You will be mine.

That is what it had said. He didn't know what it was, but something about it felt familiar. Something that he trustedâ€| yet at the same time, he knew it was evil.

"Hiccup!"

Opening his eyes when someone called to him, he was met with the cold and hardness of his bed. Groaning in protest, he forced himself up, staring at his dull room. He had once again returned to the real world. The less fun and caring world.

Rubbing his head with a sigh, he bit his bottom lip. He had to stop having those dreams. They were messing with his mind.

Glancing towards the ground, his expression lit up at the sight of the remaining crumbs of the cheese he had left before.
>Then it wasn't a dream!?

"Hiccup!"

The voice that woke him up from his dream called to him again. It was his Father.

Rolling out of bed, he moved down the steps drowsily.

"Yeah?" he peeked his head out from the stairs.

His Father had just lifted his coat over his shoulders and was about to step out the door.

"I'm heading to the docks. Some merchants have arrived and wish to trade. I am going to met them." He announced.

"Ohâ€| okay." Hiccup nodded.

Turning to his son, Stoic raised an eyebrow. "Did you just wake up?"

"Uhâ€| yeah. Long night. Stayed up late working on some things." Hiccup lied quickly, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Get to bed early tonight then." Stoic said simply, adjusting his jacket.

"Gotcha." Hiccup grumbled to move back up the steps. Stoic paused once again to watch his son go up the steps, but didn't say anything, and let.

When Hiccup had reached the top of his room, he listened carefully to his Dad closing the door before rushing the tiny pile of crumbs on his floor.

It had to be real! There is no way all of that could be a dream!

Then again though, people with button eyes couldn't really exist, right?

Picking up a few crumbs, he hummed in thought. Looking over his shoulder at Toothless, he blinked to find his dragon staring at him curiously. He was most likely questioning what in the world his rider was doing.

Dusting himself off Hiccup got dressed and tossed Toothless a fish for breakfast.

"Come on Bud, we gotta get to Great Hall." He smiled.

No Hiccup! Don't go back to the door! (That is what I bet you are all saying) XD

**Anyway, hope you liked the chapter. And for all of you out there who was probably wondering... Yes. I ship Hiccup and Astrid together. I mean, come on! Who doesn't?! **

**Scratch there, I'm sure there are some of you out there who don't. And I respect that. You don't gotta like a ship if you don't like it. **

However, you can't disagree that it one of the main ships out there for HTTYD. Cause they definitely brought it up a few times in the movie and show :D

**Anyway, again, hope you liked the chapter! I apologized for any Spelling or Grammar mistakes I missed! **

7. Chapter 7

Toothless was really starting to get worried. It was bad enough that everyone was saying that his Rider was in danger from some unknown threat, but now he was acting weird too!

After Hiccup woke up this morning he kept wanting to go to the Great hall, saying that he knew 'Something was real'. What was real? He didn't understand.

Toothless followed after him, not sure what his rider was up to. All he knew was that his precious Rider had been acting weirder then normal.

Toothless could tell his was restless during the day as well, as if his mind was off somewhere else.

When the two of them got to the Great Hall, Hiccup actuallyâ€¦ Grinned excitedly.

Toothless stared at his rider confused as he ran towards the back of the Great Hall. Falling to his knees when he got close he slid into the wall, reaching for the door.

However when he tried to open it, it pulled back, unable to budge.
"What the-" he muttered trying again.

Had someone locked it?

Marching towards his rider, Toothless tilted his head, confused.

His Rider looked around the area, seeing most of the other Vikings talking or readying for the party. Slowly approaching his friend, Toothless hummed for attention.

Glancing at his dragon, Hiccup absentmindedly reached out to scratch his neck.

"Who would lock it?" he mumbled to himself.

"Well your Dad did." Hiccup jumped when a voice spoke up behind him. Whirling around, he was surprised to see Bucket standing there.

"Bucket." He greeted.

"Mornin' there Hiccup. How are ya?" Bucket grinned happily, a large box in his hands.

"Good. What you doing?" Hiccup questioned.

"I'm grabbing this here box for Mulch." Bucket lifted the box proudly.

Hiccup nodded. "Oh uh, you said something about my Dad locking this?" he glanced back at the door.

>"He sure did. With what Elder Gothi said, he don't wanna take no chances."<p>

"No chances? No chances of what?" Hiccup frowned, not liking the sound of that.

"Danger. Ya know, Elder Gothi said you were danger Hiccup." The older Viking frowned with worry over the young boy.

"Danger of what?" Hiccup mumbled, folding his arms. He had to admit, he was angry. _No, he was furious. This door was one of the only things that have made him happy lately and his Father locked it?_

His Father didn't want anything to do with it at first yet suddenly now he is worried about it?!

With a sigh, he rubbed his temple, not wanting to take his frustration out on Bucket. "Thanks Bucket. Hope you get that box to Mulch."

>"Oh I will." He nodded happily. With that he left Hiccup where he was, alone with his Dragon.<p>

Hiccup glared angrily at the floor when Bucket was gone, only looking up when Toothless nudged his hand.

>"â€|Sorry bud." He apologized, petting Toothless' head. Suddenly, an idea came into his head. On the way here, it had only been drizzling lightly.<p>

Barely any rain at all!

_They could go flying. _

"Come on bud! Lets go flying!" Hiccup suggested. Perking up, happy that his Rider seemed to act normal again, Toothless nodded wildly.

The two friends rushed out of the Great Hall and back to the house to grab Toothless' second wing.

Hiccup rushed inside to get it and back out in a flash to put it on.

Hiccup didn't even have to look to put the saddle on Toothless. He had done it so many times before he could do it with his hands tied behind his back.

Toothless hummed happily, feeling his the saddle on his back. Grinning at his rider, he motioned for him to get on.

Smiling, Hiccup nodded. "Where should we go bud?" he inquired as he got on his dragon's back.

Toothless made a little growl sound.

"We could just fly anywhere." Hiccup agreed. Looking to make sure everything was secure and in check, he smiled. "Ready?"

Toothless crouch down, ready for take off.

"Where do you think you are going?!" A stern voice boomed behind him. Looking over his shoulder, Hiccup blinked to see his Father quickly approaching him.

"Flying." He answered.

"It is still raining. I forbid any flying during this time." Stoic said sternly.

"It is drizzling." Hiccup pointed to the sky, which barely had any water coming down from it.

"This is Berk, the whether could change from drizzling to pouring at any second."

"Toothless is a Night Fury, he can handle it." Hiccup frowned, feeling his chest tighten slightly in anger.

"I already made this decision Hiccup." His father folded his arms.

"Dad, I've flown in worse whether than this. This is nothing." Hiccup insisted, pointing to the sky.

"That may be true, but I need to start considering the safety of my Vikings." His Father countered.

"Safety of- Dad. I've flown against the Red Death. I pretty sure I am

capable of flying against some water."

The two stared at each other for a long time, before Stoic turned his head.

"No Flying Hiccup. End of discussion." He turned to leave.

Gritting his teeth, Hiccup wanted to scream at him, but nothing came out. "My Other Father would understand." He barely got those words out in a whisper. He hadn't meant to say those words out loud, but it was too late to take them back. What was done is done.

"What did you say?" His father turned to him, his eyes narrowing.

Hiccup looked up at him, glaring at him angrily. A dreadful silence filled the road.

"My Other Father would understand." He repeated slowly, his voice seething.

"You're Other Father you say." Stoick frowned. "Gobber told me about these dreams you've been having lately." He noted.

Hiccup looked away, glaring at the floor. "I would have told you if I had you listened." He thought bitterly. He was sick of this. Of how unwanted and distant he felt from his Dad. Even if things were a little better between them, it was still so painful sometimes.

"Hiccup, they are only dreams. None of this nonsense of buttons eyes are real."

"Then why did you lock the door?" Hiccup looked up at him, his voice low.

"I heard what Alrik said too. He said the dragons felt unsafe with that door unlocked. And with Elder Gothi's warning, I won't take any chances of you being put into danger." His father said, folding his arms.

"The dreams aren't dangerous, and neither is the door." Hiccup argued, turning away. "Lately they seem to be the best part of my life, and the most to understand me." He muttered. Toothless looked up at him. Petting his head, Hiccup's eyes softened a bit.

He could always count on Toothless to be there and understand him.

Staring at his distressed son, Stoic opened his mouth to speak, not sure how to comfort, or even speak to his Son at this point.

"Stoic!" A voice called from down the road. Looking to the voice, Stoic was surprised to see Gobber running towards him. "Gobber." He greeted. "What is it?"

"We got some unknown ships coming into the docks. They look like traders, but we aren't sure." Gobber explained, motioning towards the bay.

Looking towards the fast approaching ships, Stoic glanced at his son, who kept his eyes to the ground.

>"Hiccup-"<p>

"Go." He said. "â€|They need you. I wont go flying." He moved to take the saddle off of Toothless, who whined sadly.

Gobber looked back and forth between the two, sensing the awkward silence. "Did I miss something?" he inquired.

"â€|No." Hiccup removed the saddle, placing it on the ground.

Stoic nodded in agreement. "I wont be long Hiccup. Stay here, we will talk when I return." he ordered, pointing to the ground.

"â€|You always say that," Hiccup averted his eyes with a sad sigh. That seemed to make his father pause and glance at him. Stoick opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it, and marched down the street with Gobber. Gobber seemed hesitant to go, and quickly followed after Stoic.

I wont be long

How often had he heard his Father say that but never see it happen?

How many promises had he Father made, but never kept?

>"I might be though." Hiccup smiled to himself, watching to make sure his Father was out of sight. First thing first, he had to find that key.

He knew that other world had to be real, it had to be!

Now, if he were his father, where would he hide his key?

Toothless stared at him with wide eyes as Hiccup ran towards his house, with his Saddle. Following after him, Toothless could feel a bad feeling warming up in his belly.

**Uh-oh. Hiccup, think this through now! This can't end well, and Toothless knows it. You should listen to your Dragon more often Hiccup. **

**Anyway, sorry for how long this took to come out! Because it took my forever I PROMISE to get a new chapter out either tomorrow morning, or two days from now. I PROMISE! **

8. Chapter 8

**I told you guys I would get this chapter out fast! And I did! YAY!
:D :D Hope you all like it! Sorry if it is short 0.0 **

Sitting within the living room of his Rider's house, Toothless whined as Hiccup scurried across the room, digging wildly through his Dad's belongings.

Going through boxes, chests, and anything else his Father might have hid the key in, Hiccup sighed in frustration.

"Maybe heâ€| put it in his pocket or something?" Hiccup mumbled to himself. "Oh well, then I'm never getting the key back." He shook his

head. He paused, thinking over his words. "Oh hey wait, his pocket!" he turned to his Dad's large coat, which he left on his chair to dry the night before.

Rushing to it, Hiccup quickly begun to dig through every pocket, searching wildly for the key.

Toothless didn't understand how this Key was so important to his owner. Honestly, the key just gave him a bad feeling.

"Found it!" Hiccup held it up in victory, watching as it glistened in the sun. Twirling it in his fingers, he looked back to the mess he made. As if realizing his Dad would know where he was about to go if he left everything this way, he quickly cleaned up.

Making sure everything looked exactly how it did when he first came in, he nodded to himself. "There, perfect." He turned to the door.

Rushing forward, Toothless moved in his Rider's path. Toothless couldn't explain it, but he had a very bad feeling about this whole 'Door' thing. His fellow dragon friends would agree with him.

Every since Hiccup first found that door, an evil presence has circled the air in Berk. It was like something Toothless has never felt before.

"Wha- Toothless, I gotta go." He owner moved to the left, but Toothless followed, blocking his path yet again. "Toothless." He sighed.

Toothless gave him the best puppy dog face he could muster.

"Toothless." His rider chuckled. "I'll be fine. Stay here bud," Hiccup said to his dragon, leaping over him and to the door. Toothless made a noise, almost a whine of protest, as Hiccup opened the door. "I'll be back soon, I promise." With that he closed the door, closing Toothless inside.

Moving to the door, Toothless clawed at it, not wanting his Rider to go alone.

_This wasn't good. _

-000â€"Hiccup-0000--

It was sort of ridiculous how Hiccup had to sneak around in his own village just to get to the great Hall. But with Dad's new order on making sure, _Hiccup was never alone_, gave him no other choice. All Vikings had been given the order "_If you see Hiccup out and alone, make sure you either take him back to his house, or go with him where ever he is going_,"

Now although he should feel a little touched at how concerned his Dad was, it was the complete opposite. The whole situation only reminded him of how he was treated before he trained dragons.

Either Hiccup stays in doors, or has to be kept an eye one so he wouldn't injure himself. Granted, the only person who ever did that

was Gobber, it still made him frustrated to have it happening again now.

Ducking behind some barrels at the sight of some approaching Vikings, Hiccup sat there for a while, before continuing his march to the Great Hall.

It took him a while, way longer than it should have, but he finally got there. He was lucky there were so many barrels and carts within the village to hide behind.

Anyway, sneaking into the Great Hall, he made sure to stay quiet as he snuck past a few other Vikings that were within the place. Since there wasn't much going on, there weren't as many Vikings within the Great Hall, lucky for Hiccup.

Sneaking to the back, Hiccup smiled at the sight of the little door. Kneeling down, he pulled out the key.

It was odd, he felt a moment of hesitation as he stared at the key. He couldn't explain why he was hesitant, he just was. _Maybe it was because it would be going against his Father?_
>No, that couldn't be it. He's done that plenty of times by now.<p>

_Maybe it was the fear that he wouldn't find anything behind the door? _

No, that didn't feel right either.

What was it? Maybe it was just the world itself that was bugging him?

Thatâ€¦ can't be right. That other world was perfect.

â€¦_Perfect._

Shaking the thoughts out of his brain Hiccup reached for the door. Placing the key inside, he turned it. With a satisfying click, he shut his eyes.

Slowly opening, worried there would be nothing on the other side, he opened his eyes at the feeling of fresh air hitting his face. A light blue and slightly glowing tunnel opened up before him, leading down to another door.

"I knew it was real." He grinned at the sight of the light blue tunnel. Looking around to make sure no one was watching, Hiccup got on his hands and knees and began to crawl into the tunnel. Closing the door behind him, he continued forward.

Once he reached the end, he peeked his head out and smiled to see the beautifully lightened room around him.

Getting to his feet, he dusted himself off and walked happily to this Other Home.

"We sure got a great deal off those guys." Gobber smiled to himself.

"I'm curious to what you think was a 'great deal' in that situation." Stoic glanced at his old friend.

"We got all this free stuff!" Gobber cackled.

"Only because those pirates thought they could trick us by pretending to be traders." Stoic rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, I know. Great deal, right? We get to crush some skulls, and some free stuff. It is a win, win."

"Perhaps so." Stoic chuckled as he watched his Vikings begin to unload the now confiscated pirate ship of its cargo.

Lifting his head, Gobber slowly glanced to Stoic, seeing that 'worried' look. "â€|Soâ€| what is eatin' ya?"

"Huh?" Stoic looked at him in surprise.

"Don't 'Huh', me. I know that look Stoic. What is troublin' ya?" Gobber motioned for him to speak.

"Nothing Gobber." Stoic insisted.

"Uh-huh. Sure." He folded his arms. "â€|It is about Hiccup, isn't it?" he smirked.

Feeling his shoulders stiffen, Stoic sighed. "Is it that obvious?"

"Stoic, the only thing that ever bothered you was the safety of the village, when the dragons would attack, and Hiccup. The village is safe, the dragons are no longer a worry, soâ€| that leaves only Hiccup."

Stoic nodded at his friend's logic. "Then yes, I suppose it is him." He paused. "He still doesn't listen,"

>"Well, to be honest, you can't blame him." Gobber shrugged, "Admit it Stoick, before the Red death, you didn't pay much attention to Hiccup. Nobody did."<p>

"Yes I know that," guilt resonated in Stoick's voice.

"So, it isn't so hard to believe that Hiccup would be a little upset with you wanting everyone to keep an eye on him all the time. He isn't use to it, besides me doing it. And lets not forget that he hasn't been able to go flying with Toothless for a while. That boy loves being in the air, just like a dragon would," Stoick sat in silence, listening intently to Gobber's words.

"Heâ€| mentioned his 'Other Father' today," Stoick, grumbled, a small tinge of jealous cutting through his voice. It was ridiculous how Hiccup seemed to want to be with the _Father_ of his dreams more than his actual one.

"Ah, the Stoick with button eyes from his dreamâ€| that bug you?" Gobber glanced at him with a small smirk.

Stoick sighed, "I don't know," he said honestly. "Hiccup just seems so enveloped with those dreams, that he is forgetting about reality."

Gobber nodded. After a moment of silence, he spoke, "Maybe it isn't the dream itself that Hiccup is so interested in,"

Stoick glanced at him, "What do you mean?"

"Well, from what he's told me about them, the world is a little creepy to him. Button eyes and moving objects. However, the one thing he talks about the most, is this 'Other Stoick. The fact that this Other Stoick spends more time with him than you ever have," he motioned to the village leader.

"You know as the leader of this clan I can't just-"

"You can't just go around dropping your duties to spend time with him, yes I know," Gobber interrupted him. "But things aren't as busy anymore Stoick. With the dragons no longer our enemies, a lot of things have changed. I mean, look at me. Completely out of the weapon-making job. Unless you know, a dragon suddenly decides to burn down the whole Weaponry again." He chuckled, letting a small silence fall between them before speaking again. "I think Hiccup realized that long ago too. Yet you," he paused to point at him, "Are still saying you are as busy as always. Did you know for the past 2 months that Hiccup has been trying to ask you to go flying with him? You've had plenty of time to go flying with Thornado on your own after all."

Stoick's eyes widened in surprise. "He has?"

"You keep telling him you are too busy to listen to him at the moment though." Gobber continued.

"Iâ€¦" Stoic looked at the ground. "I hadn't realized."

"Exactly my point Stoic." Gobber placed a hand on his old friend's shoulder. "You haven't been seeing the big picture here."

Looking to his feet, Stoick nodded, knowing what he needed to do.

When he was done here he was going to go find his son and make it up to him. He was going to apologize andâ€¦ hope, that his Son would forgive him _yet again_ for not seeing what was truly troubling his Son and not listening.

9. Chapter 9

**The first post of the new year! YAY! HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE!
**

His other Father could sew.

Was that weird? Well, knowing his actual Father, Hiccup would instantly answer _Yes. _However this was the Other Father.

The Father that could make a cake appear out of thin air.

So Hiccup supposed it was okay, as long as it was only his Other Father that was sewing.

Speaking of the Other Father's sewing, he had made Hiccup a brand new leather vest!

As soon as Hiccup arrived at his Other House, he spotted a large box on the table. Moving to it, and seeing his name on it, he opened it with a smile.

Within was the new vest, strapped together with thick black string.

>Placing it on to see if it would fit, Hiccup was sort of surprised how it fit his small frame perfectly. He didn't know that the Other Father knew the size of his cloths.<p>

His real Father probably wouldn't even know what shoe size Hiccup had, let alone his shirt size.

That didn't matter though.

Content with his new piece of clothing, Hiccup looked to the back of the card and smiled at the letter the Other Father left him.

_Dear Son, _

_I hope you enjoy the new vest I made you. Gobber said your old one was looking a little run down. I'll see you later today. I have a surprise for you. _

_Father

>Placing the letter back down, Hiccup moved out of his Other House and out to the front porch. Stretching his arms up, he sighed contently.

_Okay, so he had a few minutes to spar. What should he do? Go find the Other Astrid and the guys? _

Maybe they had something cool planned too?

Suddenly, above him, a soft growl shot into the air. Whirling around, he looked to his roof to see a small blue Dragon staring at him.

It was crouching down near his window, staring at him with narrowed eyes.

Recognizing the Dragon as the one he saw a few days ago in Berk, he tilted his head.

"Oh, hey there." Hiccup called up to the blue dragon. "There are one of you at home too." Though Hiccup still wasn't sure exactly what type of dragon it was. "You must be the Other dragon of this world." He smiled as the dragon jumped down to the barrel in front of him, staring at him with wide€| _normal_, orange eyes.

"No. I'm not." a voice emitted from the dragon's throat, causing Hiccup to jump.

"Y-You talk! The Other you can talk!" he gasped, stumbling back.

"I'm not the other anything actually. I am only what I am, me." He flew to the next barrel, glancing at Hiccup, as if wanting him to follow him. Quickly following the mysterious talking dragon, Hiccup began to stammer.

"Y-You don't have button eyes butâ€¦ There is no way you are the same dragon from my world. You can't talk there." Hiccup said, stumbling over his own feet.

"I just can." The dragon said stiffly over his shoulder, narrowing his orange eyes dangerously.

"Dragon's don't normally talk." Hiccup pointed out.

"No?" the dragon said thoughtfully.

"Of course not." Hiccup said clearly.

"Well." It sounded insulted. "You are _clearly _the expert on these things." I jumped to the houses above, staring down at him. "After all, I'm just a big wussy dragon."

Hiccup's eyes grew wide in realization, recalling back to when he first saw the Dragon and his friends insulted it. "Ohâ€¦ I'm sorry. Really, Tuffnut and Ruffnut, they didn't mean it. That is just how the twins talk." Hiccup apologized. "But, if you really are the real dragon that I see from my world, how did you get here?"

"I've been coming here for a while. I come and go as I please." The dragon answered.

Hiccup's eyes grew wide as the dragon disappeared from one spot and magically reappeared at another.

"How-" he looked back and forth, not sure how the dragon got from the barrel to across the street without him noticing.

"It is a game we play." The dragon said, appearing from a window to Hiccup's left, making him jump.

How was he doing that?!

"A game you andâ€¦ who play?" Hiccup frowned cautiously.
>"You call him the, Other Father." The dragon answered simply. "He hates dragon's like me who don't do as he says and he tries to keep me out." He stuck his head into the barrel, it reappearing across the path while the rest of his body sticking out from the side Hiccup was on.

Hiccup jumped at the sight. "H-How are you-?"

"But he can't of course. I come and go as I please." The dragon snickered smugly.

"â€¦My Other Father hates you?"
>"Not like any Father I've seen." The dragon almost laughed mockingly at him. "Not like a Father at all."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes. "What do you mean? The Other Father is-

"Amazing? Fun? Caring? You probably think this world is a dream come true." The dragon strolled calmly ahead of Hiccup, waving its tail. It paused to look back at him. "_But you're wrong." _

Hiccup's eyes widened. "How do you know?" he asked suspiciously.

>"The other Astrid told me so. As did the other Viking teens."<p>

"Like Snout Lout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut? That is nonsense, they can't talk. And Astrid and Fishlegs are always smiling here."

"Perhaps not to you. But us dragons have far superior senses than humans." It said smugly, waving its nose in the air. Hiccup frowned in annoyance. "We can see and smell and-" the dragon froze, his eyes going wide.

Turning his head, it growled slightly.

"What? What is it?" Hiccup asked, seeing how it suddenly grew tense.

Narrowing his eyes, the dragon took a step back. "Shh. I hear something." It commanded. With a pause, it frowned. "Oh, right." Saying nothing more, it ran off.

Watching it go, Hiccup frowned.

Whatâ€¦| what did it mean this world wasn't what it seemed to be? That the Other Father wasn't what he appeared to be?

Jumping a bit when something landed behind him, Hiccup whirled around to see Toothless. "Oh, h-hey Other bud." He smiled slightly, glancing behind him where the small Blue dragon was once before.

The other Toothless smiled at him, following his eyes. Hiccup quickly snapped back to attention, feeling that it would be a bad idea to bring the little blue dragon up.

"W-What are you doing here bud?" he asked quickly.

Smiling, the Other Toothless approached him, nudging his leg a bit and motioning to the saddle on his back.

Realizing the Other Toothless wanted him to go flying with him, Hiccup moved forward.

"Oh? Got something you want to show me?" Hiccup blinked, climbing onto the Other Toothless' back. When his Rider was on, the Other Toothless took into the skies.

-000 end of chapter-000

An hour after Stoick had told Hiccup he couldn't go flying, he decided he would make it up to his son.

He could only hope that Hiccup wasn't too mad at him.

Stoick knew Hiccup was probably with his friends somewhere.

He had found the group of Viking teens within the Great Hall, eating and chatting about the day. Yet as he stared at them, he could not see his son anywhere in sight.

"Have any of you seen my son?" Stoic inquired, approaching the table the young Viking teens were at. Looking up at the clan head, the teens blinked.

"Nope. Haven't seen him all day." Snout Lout answered bluntly.

"I thought he was with Gobber." Astrid admitted.

"I was with Gobber. He wasn't at home either." Stoic rubbed his chin.

"Well, we haven't seen him." The twin shrugged. "Probably ran off with his dragon some where."

"He has been wanting to go flying with Toothless lately." Fishlegs nodded.

"He went flying when I told him not too only an hour ago?" Stoic narrowed his eyes.

Fishlegs flinched. "I-I didn't say that s-sir. I'm not even sure if he went flying or not. He might be somewhere else in the village?" the young Viking squeaked nervously.

"Did you check your house?" Astrid inquired.

"Yes." Stoic nodded.

"He might be there now." Astrid shrugged.

"I shall check there again." Stoic sighed, moving to leave the Great Hall

"Will come with." The teens jumped to their feet to follow.

"Do we have too?" Snout Lout sighed.

"Yes." Astrid shoved him forward.

**Uh-Oh, Hiccup is so gonna be in trouble when he comes home XD
**

**And if only Hiccup would listen to that little dragon and get out while he can 0.0 **

End
file.